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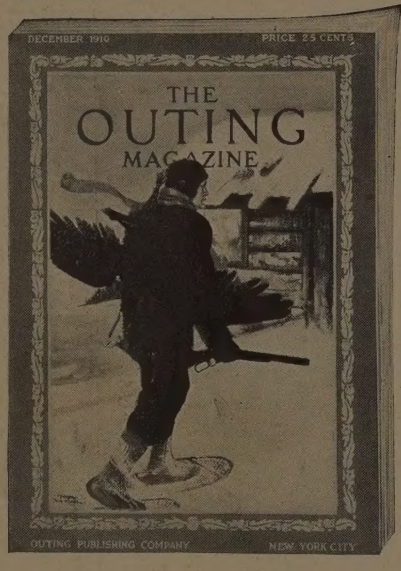

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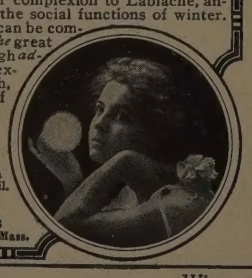

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"Everywoman" a Unique Play

Walter Browne's play "Everywoman," shortly to be presented by Henry W. Savage, promises to be a unique production. To quote from the subtitle the play pictures "Her (woman's) Pilgrimage in Quest of Love." It is a modern allegory expressed in terms of absolute realism. In its juxtaposition of allegory and intense realism, its intimate study of life in New York of the present day, it is said to surpass anything ever put upon the stage. In no sense a musical work, "Everywoman" has as a very important feature a musical equipment of twenty-six numbers. These include three solos, five choruses, a trio, a male quartet, three solo dances and incidental numbers for the orchestra. The latter will number twenty-six pieces—as many as are required for even the most elaborate operettas. George Whitefield Chadwick, foremost among American composers of symphonies and songs, has written the music. One of the scenes of the play depicts the riotous revelry of a characteristic New Year's eve on Broadway, 400 persons being engaged in the scene. Other details indicative of the striking magnitude of the production include mention of a chime of bells, whose 4,000 pounds' weight will call for special reconstruction of the upper parts of the stage, and of the fact that the regular company, not including the supernumeraries, will comprise, all told, about one hundred persons.

Plays Current in New York

The following plays were running at the principal New York theatres at the time of going to press (November 15): "Alma, Where Do You Live?" at Weber's; "Baby Mine," at Daly's; "Get Rich Quick Wallingford," at the Gaiety; "Getting a Polish," at Wallack's; "Hans, the Flute Player," at the Manhattan; "He Came from Milwaukee," at the Casino; Hippodrome; "Judy Forgot," at the Broadway; "Madame Sherry," at the New Amsterdam; "Madame Troubadour," at the Lyric; "Mother," at the Hackett; "Mr. Preedy and the Countess," at Nazimova's 39th Street; "Naughty Marietta," at the New York; "Nobody's Widow," at the Hudson; "Raffles," at the Garrick; "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," at the Republic; "Smith," at the Empire; "The Bachelor Belles," at the Globe; "The Blue Bird," at the Majestic; "The Commuters," at the Criterion; "The Concert," at Belasco's; "The Country Boy," at the Liberty; "The Cub," at the Comedy; "The Gamblers," at Maxine Elliott's; "The Girl in the Taxi," at the Astor; "The Importance of Being Earnest," at the Lyceum; "The Merry Wives of Windsor," at the New Theatre; "The Other Fellow," at the Bijou; "The Scarlet Pimpernel," at the Knickerbocker; "The Thunderbolt," and répertoire at the New Theatre, and "Tillie's Nightmare," at the Herald Square.

Good Dramatic Criticism

The essential characteristics of all good criticism are knowledge, sympathy and honesty, and, in the best work of the present day, these flourish as healthily as ever they did. All such writing is inspiring to the public and helpful to the theatre; and if ever the day were to come in which dramatic criticism were universally to degenerate into commercialism, logrolling, and mere flippancy, the newspapers would suffer from it no less than the beautiful art of the theatre, which in all ages has charmed civilized mankind and helped to form the character of nations.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

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Facts Worth Knowing

For Christmas gifts, is there anything more acceptable than dainty wearing apparel? I found just the longed-for articles in one of the exclusive shops the other day. This is an establishment that caters to the individual requirements of refined women. Needless to say that there is to be found here an endless array of lovely imported hand-made garments. I was particularly impressed with some exquisite hand embroidered albatross breakfast robes shown in pink, blue and white at the modest sum of $20 and $25. Duplicate colors in crêpe de chine negligées trimmed with real Cluny lace are made in Empire style, and are really quite suitable for the home dinner, and the price is only $60.

Among the newest French blouses shown here are two dainty styles in black chiffon over white, and ornamented quite profusely with the white porcelain beads. One style is made with the French shoulder, as the sleeve cut in one with the body of the blouse is now called; the other is made with the side frill front, and regulation long sleeve, and either may be possessed for $30. Another novelty among the blouses is the new Hungarian blouse made of white Toscan cloth embroidered in a Hungarian design with either blue and black or red and black floss.

To accompany the breakfast gown is the becoming little breakfast cap made of white lace, and decorated with tiny pink roses and ribbons. Or one might prefer as a gift the theatre cap made of gold or silver lace. For the friend who has not yet adopted this dainty article of apparel, there is the novel and useful theatre wrist-bag, just the thing to carry when one is wearing a trained gown, for the bag may be suspended from the wrist by means of the usual cords, or the wrist may be slipped through the bag itself, thus doing away with the possibility of loss or theft. Made of black velvet and lined with white satin, there are two separate compartments to the theatre wrist-bag, yet when not worn on the wrist it has the appearance of the regulation bag or sac, as the French now call all such desirable and essential additions to the fashionable toilet.

Inexpensive tokens of friendship and good will are shown in the attractive ribbon novelties, beginning with the ribbon rose sachet for 75 cents, which is intended to tuck in the top of the corset, or attach to one side of the night robe or breakfast gown. Then there are the adorable little French novelties decorated with Louis XVI ribbon embroidery that range in price from $1.75 to $4.50, and include vanity bags, spool boxes, engagement pads, jewel cases, pin cases, trinket, handkerchief and glove boxes, and for the man friend the necktie rack. But more particularly for "him" are the embroidered waistcoats, and the crochet or knit motor scarfs.

Some months ago I heard that a well-known actress was trying a new method for reducing her weight, and since then I have met several women who have tried with marvelous results the same method. The bare facts seem almost unbelievable, but when one actually sees a friend who has been ungainly from stoutness appearing with the sylph-like figure of youth, one is compelled to believe in this wondrous remedy.

And it is so easy to apply. There is no danger of upsetting the digestive organs, or otherwise tampering with one's internal economy. For this is an outward application which is as effective as it is easy to apply.

The flesh can be reduced all over the body, or its application to any particular part of the body will remove the superfluous adipose tissue from that region only. Think what that means. Why, the stout woman by a clever use of this cream will be able after the proper treatment to mold her body almost as easily as the sculptor does his clay, and can thus improve upon the outlines which nature gave her.

For the general reduction a cupful of the cream can be dissolved in a hot bath in which the patient should remain for half an hour. Care must be taken, of course, not to catch cold after the immersion, and for this reason it is best to take the bath before retiring.

When it is desired to reduce only certain portions of the body a designated quantity of the cream must be rubbed into those portions daily. After three days one begins to notice a change of form. On some people this cream acts more quickly than on others. For instance, some will lose one pound a day, while others may lose only one-half or a quarter of that amount.

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In 1901, when we first conceived of the plan of issuing the THEATRE MAGAZINE, we met with but scant encouragement. The players, the theatre-managers, the dramatists, who should have welcomed a publication of high-class character connected so closely with their own profession, a magazine sumptuous in appearance and with text written by the foremost dramatic writers of the day, were frankly sceptical. They did not believe there was room in this country for such a publication. They were mistaken and to-day they confess their error. We did not need the theatrical profession to insure our success. The THEATRE MAGAZINE pleased the general public and to-day it is read by hundred thousands of persons, wherever people are interested in theatregoing.

This unprecedented success has so encouraged us that we are now about to launch into an even more ambitious venture—the publication of a

Universal Encyclopedia of the Stage

EXPOSÉ OF THE GENERAL SCOPE

This work will embrace the history of the drama in all its branches; the biographies of the most prominent actors, dramatists, managers; in short, of all people of importance who were and are connected with the theatre throughout the world.

The technics of the drama, from the Greek period to the present day, will form a special feature of the work. Similar care will be devoted to the detailed history of the principal theatres of the world, ancient and modern, also to the descriptions, synopses of the plays, operas, oratorios, etc.

This is the first attempt yet made in the literature of any nation to sum up, in scientific fashion and absolute impartiality, the development of the theatre in all its manifestations. The task is a heavy one and loaded with responsibilities. The undersigned trust, therefore, they may count on the support of everyone who has the interests of the theatre at heart.

The editorial direction of the Universal Encyclopedia of the Stage will be entrusted to a group of leading authorities; these will be aided in their work by an advisory board composed of the most eminent persons in the theatrical world, here and abroad.

It is time that the art of the stage be given its true dignified place among the liberal arts of the world. We expect this Encyclopedia will aid in effecting this desired aim, and to make this accomplishment doubly sure, we earnestly ask for the moral and practical co-operation of all those who have the higher interests of the stage earnestly at heart.

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will be published in 12 volumes of 600 pages each, with 3,000 illustrations. It will be issued in cloth binding at $60.00 per set; in half morocco binding, $72.00; in full morocco binding, $84.00 per set.

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Prices will be increased after the publication of Vol. I.

A FEW ENDORSEMENTS

BRANDER MATTHEWS

I have no doubt that a Universal Cyclopedia of the Stage will have a distinct utility of its own, especially at the present time when the outlook for the drama of our language is brighter than it has been for more than two centuries.

DAVID BELASCO

Replying to your letter of February first, regarding your forthcoming Encyclopedia of the Stage. Please accept my congratulations and best wishes for this splendid project. You ask for an expression of my opinion. About all I can say off-hand is that such a work cannot fail to fill a long-felt want. The more I think of it the more amazed I am that the compilation of such a work has been deferred so long. We have encyclopedias, anthologies, commentaries and every other sort of reference book on every other sort of subject save that of the drama and the stage. You may certainly depend upon my giving you all the moral and practical co-operation within my power.

HENRY M. SAVAGE

I am much interested in the projected Universal Encyclopedia of the Stage, and believe that it will serve a very valuable purpose. I shall be glad to lend you every aid possible in the matter.

FRANCIS WILSON

If you carry out your design with respect to a Universal Encyclopedia of the Stage, you will give students and scholars a much and long needed work of reference. I shall be glad to aid you in any way in my power, believe me. Such an undertaking, skilfully performed, will need much moral and practiced co-operation, and it shall surely have it from me.

As chairman of the Art and Literature Committee of the Players, I shall be glad to welcome such a work to our shelves and also to my own library.

HENRIETTA CROSMAN

I am in hearty accord with the movement, and will co-operate in any way to make it a success.

MARTHA MORTON

Dr. Singer has spoken to me about compiling a Universal Encyclopedia of the Stage. The magnitude of this idea impressed me very much. Such a book of reference carried out exhaustively as Dr. Singer intends, has long been wanted by authors, managers, actors, and all interested in or connected with the drama, should make a decided success.

C. RANN KENNEDY

I am awfully glad to see that the Encyclopedia is now well on the way. It ought to be of incalculable use to all of us. I shall certainly take the first opportunity of calling on you to discuss the matter you mention.

EUGENE D'ALBERT

The work that you proposed to me in your favor of March the ninth finds my fullest interest, and you can be assured of my co-operation when my time will allow it.

HENRY MILLER

Your publication of an Encyclopedia of the Stage will doubtless be appreciated not by the theatrical profession alone, but by all interested in the drama.

Please place my name on the subscription list, and I am looking forward with pleasant anticipation to the completion of your remarkable work.

HERBERT DUCE

I am very much interested in your contemplated publication of an Encyclopedia of the Stage. I shall be glad to receive further information about it from time to time.

J. G. DODSON

I think your Universal Encyclopedia of the Stage a splendid conception, and you may certainly count upon my earnest and humble co-operation.

I think the dramatic profession already owes your firm a debt of gratitude for the accurate and dignified way in which it is represented in the THEATRE MAGAZINE.

JULES CLARETIE

Director of the Theatre Francais, Member of the French Academy

A publication as interesting and as important as the one projected by the THEATRE MAGAZINE will be most useful to the dramatic art and will be most welcome by the public, whose taste for the best on the stage increases each day.

CHARLES BURNHAM

I think the idea suggested in your letter of the 1st inst. is excellent, and would be of great benefit to the theatre; and if there is anything I can do to further it I shall be glad to do so.

JEFFERSON DE ANGELIS

I am delighted to learn that so important a publication as an Encyclopedia of the Stage is about to be issued. It will, undoubtedly, be a great acquisition to the literary world, and a work of much interest and value to all who are interested in the theatre. If in my small way I can be of any service to you, I will be most happy to do so.

CHRYSTAL HERNE

Your project is very big and very worthy, and if carried to fulfilment on the lines you lay down, should be of tremendous value in helping to uphold the art of acting, and place it in its true place of dignity and books among the liberal arts.

C. E. KENNEDY

I think your proposed publication will be a very interesting work, and highly prized by any one either on or interested in the stage.

DAVID WARFIELD

Please pardon me for not acknowledging sooner your letter announcing a forthcoming Encyclopedia of the Stage. I am looking forward to its appearance with much interest, because the imprint of your house always means literary excellence, reliability and good taste in the wit of the printer and the binder.

Good luck to the new literary offspring!

E. J. SULLIVAN

As outlined, the work should be of especial interest to laymen as well as to those intimately connected with the theatre and its work.

There has been a long-felt want for such a book, and I am sure that your efforts will be heartily appreciated by those who regard the stage as something else than a medium of amusement and ocular delight. I wish you the heartiest success in the undertaking.

CHARLES KLEIN

I will become a member of the Comité de Patronage of One Hundred, if you think I can be of any service to you. Your project is certainly a most worthy one, and should succeed in spite of the immense obstacles confronting you. In any event, you may count on me to do whatever is in my power to further the same.

CHARLES SWEETON

Your Encyclopedia of the Stage, which should have the co-operation of every one connected with the profession, and I am sure that this encyclopedia would be worthy of space in the libraries of all interested in theatricals.

I trust I may have the pleasure of seeing this work at an early date, and wish you every success in this accomplishment.

JOHN PHILIP SOUSA

I want to congratulate you on your great undertaking of producing the Universal Encyclopedia of the Stage. That the work will be meritorious and artistic, I do not question, and I sincerely hope that its financial success will be equally great.

PERCY W. MACKAYE

Your project is, indeed, important and interesting, and I shall be glad to be of service to it within the restrictions of my now crowded time and work.

EDWIN ARDEN

You, of course, have my moral support, but if you would specialize, I might be of some real assistance.

LAURA BURT

I think your scheme a most magnificent one. I am willing to do anything in my power for its success.

PETER DAVEY

I am much obliged by your circular, and shall await the issue of the book with very great interest. You do not say what it is to cost.

GEORGE P. BAKER

I am, of course, interested by your announcement in regard to a Universal Encyclopedia of the Stage, and I hope you will keep me informed as your plans develop.

FREDERICK DE BELLEVILLE

I beg to say your magnificent and almost herculean task deserves every commendation. I do not know of any such work in existence.

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THE THEATRE

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Hall Frederick Lewis (Macduff) E. H. Sothern (Macbeth)

Act V. Macduff: "Then yield thee, coward!"

SCENE IN THE SOTHERN-MARLOWE PRODUCTION OF "MACBETH" AT THE BROADWAY THEATRE

Byron, N. Y. Rex McDougall Blanche Bates Bruce McRae Adelaide Prince
Act II. The widow interrupts a little midnight supper
SCENE IN AVERY HOPWOOD'S LATEST COMEDY "NOBODY'S WIDOW" AT THE HUDSON THEATRE

The New Plays

NEW THEATRE. "THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR." Comedy in five acts by Shakespeare. Produced Nov. 7. Cast:

Sir John Falstaff, Louis Calvert; Fenton, Frank Gilmore; Shallow, Ben Johnson; Slender, Ferdinand Gottschalk; Ford, A. E. Anson; Page, Lee Baker; Sir Hugh Evans, Albert Bruning; Doctor Caius, E. W. Morrison; Host of the Garter Inn, Wm. McVay; Bardolph, John Sutherland; Pistol, Pedro de Cordoba; Nym, Stewart Baird; Robin, Master John Tansey; Simple, William Raymond; Rugby, Edwin Cushman; John, Victor Johns; Robert, Arthur La Rue; Mistress Ford, Edith Wynne Matthison; Mistress Page, Rose Coghlan; Anne Page, Leah Bateman-Hunter; Mistress Quickly, Sol Smith.

There is no doubt about it that the opening bill of the New Theatre last season did not inspire confidence. The performance for several reasons—some inevitable and some that might have been avoided—was below expectations. This year the regular season was inaugurated with a revival of "The Merry Wives of Windsor," and again there was critical disappointment. This Shakespearian comedy is as dependent upon its effective representation of Falstaff as is "Hamlet" upon a competent sweet Prince. The opening performance was a weak one in this respect. Louis Calvert was far from satisfactory as the Fat Knight. It was subsequently announced that he was ill and retired from the cast, giving way to Theodore Roberts, who, while capable of donning successfully the pads and symmetricals of Sir John on short notice, had not the time to memorize the lines, and those who attended the performances during the week of Nov. 12 saw him read the greater part of the text from a scrip which he held in his hand. This he did with marvelous dexterity, managing, in spite of the handicap, to act with variety, unction and becoming stage effect. It would, of course, be unfair to criticise his performance too closely. It was quite wonderful under the circumstances, but not what Sir John might have been nor what Mr. Roberts is himself capable of doing. Yet, in spite of this drawback, the performance which the New Theatre players gave was smooth, spirited and quite in the vein and humor of the Swan of Avon. It goes without saying that in stage technic and poetry the farce which the gentle William wrote on the order of good Queen Bess that she might see Sir John in love is not among his best, and real demands are made upon its exponents that values may be brought up to the highest possible level. It is a good rearrangement of the numerous scenes that go to make up the acting version, though occasionally some of the eliminations require a previous knowledge of the complications of the story. The setting is a beautiful one, rich, appropriate and harmonious. It is not over ornate and reflects high credit upon Hamilton Bell's nice artistic sense. The stage management, too, is varied, alert and stimulatingly comic. All in all, "The Merry Wives" should prove a highly popular feature of the New Theatre's repertoire.

Again Rose Coghlan proves the value of a long and tried experience. Her Mistress Page is a splendid per-

AFTER THE OPERA

Still the perfumed air is throbbing
With the passion of the song!
How the spell of love and music—
For a moment—swayed the throng.

Thou, Isolde; thou, Aïda;
Mélisande with loosened hair;
Thäis, temptress; mad Salome;
Pagliacci's wailed despair,—

Can you hold them with your magic,
Beauty, wealth and fashion there?
Is the ecstasy forgotten,
As they chatter on the stair?

Have the splendor and the glory
Left untouched this careless throng?
Is there one who yet remembers
That the heart of love is song?

ANNE PEACOCK.

formance; instinct with spirited humor, perfect diction and picturesque movement. Not a scene in which she figured dropped for the fraction of a second, while the value of many a curtain was sustained by her efforts alone. Edith Wynne Matthison gave a pretty and refined impersonation of Mistress Ford; but she is too modern in her methods for so broadly a drawn rôle. Colloquial ease and the repression so attached to the spirit of modernity are out of place when dealing with the frankly outlined wives of Windsor. Although lacking in facial variety it was a sound and careful impersonation which A. E. Anson gave of the jealous Ford, while Ferdinand Gottschalk was neatly quaint and humorous as Slender.

NEW THEATRE. "THE THUNDERBOLT." Play in four acts by Sir Arthur W. Pinero. Produced Nov. 12 with this cast:

James Mortimore, Louis Calvert; Ann, Mrs. Harriet Otis Dellenbaugh; Stephen Mortimore, Albert Bruning; Louisa, Helen Reimer; Thaddeus Mortimore, A. E. Anson; Phyllis, Thais Lawton; Joyce, Patricia Collinge; Cyril, George Clarke; Colonel Ponting, Ferdinand Gottschalk; Rose, Olive Oliver; Helen Thornhill, Olive Wyndham; The Rev. George Trist, Frank Gillmore; Mr. Vallance, Ben Johnson; Mr. Elkin, E. M. Holland; Mr. Denyer, Edwin Cushman; Heath, John Sutherland.

Pinero's thirty-seventh play, "The Thunderbolt," is not important enough to call for columns of comment and discussion, although its accessibility in printed form offers every opportunity for close examination. It contains no philosophy worth the while, it is not the result of any profound convictions on the part of the dramatist, and perhaps it was more easily written by Mr. Pinero than any other of his plays, particularly in view of the existence in print of the excellent piece by Belot and Villetard entitled "Le Testament de César Girodot," produced at the Odéon on the 30th of September, 1859. Of course it contains much of the characteristic skill and treatment of the most distinguished living English playwright. Its production by the New Theatre is worthy of the most important institution in the United States engaged in elevating the standards of the theatre. That its effect falls short of the force implied in its ominous title is the fault of the author alone.

The essential story may be summed up briefly. A middle-class Englishman has died leaving a fortune of a million and no will. His three brothers, with their wives, are contrasting types; a sister is the wife of a retired officer and had held a somewhat better social position. There is an illegitimate daughter, who in the absence of the will has no share in the estate. One of the wives had found the will and destroyed it. She is so moved by the plight of her illegitimate half-sister, who will now be thrown on her own resources in the world, that she confesses to her husband, who is too high-minded to profit by the crime, the will having been in favor of the illegitimate daughter. The others had gone ahead with their plans for the use of the money. The gentle, lovely, pretty illegitimate one decides to set aside a share for the erection of a memorial to her father and then share equally with the others. The scenes that this proposition provides are obvious. They are good scenes.

The characters are typical middle-class English people. The vogue of the play in London has been ascribed to the gratification of the "better" classes in seeing the vulgarities of the middle classes so faithfully represented on the stage. We do not think this is possible.

JULIA MARLOWE NOW APPEARING AS LADY MACBETH

England has hardly sunk so low as that. The most successful plays in England of late years have been satires on the highest society.

The play is comparatively ineffective here for one reason, and one only. It is unsympathetic. The beneficiary of the will is an illegitimate child. Make her a favorite niece, an orphan, and the play would become normal, representative and effective, compelling laughter, tears and applause. There was never an illegitimate child born entitled to millions to the exclusion of decent next of kin. Our public does not purpose to offer premiums for bastardy by applauding plays in which the illegitimate only are lovely. There is nothing middle-class

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MME. MARIANNE FLAHAUT
Well-known Belgian contralto, who will be heard at the Metropolitan Opera House this season

about the girl in appearance or spirit. She has blue blood in her somehow. What does Pinero mean by this? Something, or nothing? Is it philosophy, or is it theatricalism? What is gained by having her illegitimate? What is the law of inheritance in England? If an orphaned niece would share in the estate, as here, she could be the daughter of an old friend, anything but illegitimate. There was no failure in the performance except that Miss Thais Lawton, as the wife who destroyed the will, overacted. If her deep affection for her half-sister had been proved, the circumstances would have been different, her motives would have been satisfactory, and the audience would have been with her. Mr. Louis Calvert, as the elder brother, a coarse, outspoken contractor, bore the honors in the performance. Ferdinand Gottschalk, as a pretentious, fussy, self-satisfied retired army officer, an insignificant-looking person, made all his points. Miss Olive Wyndham was the aristocratic-looking beneficiary of the will. Scenes of the most fervor and feeling fell to Mr. A. E. Anson as Thaddeus, the husband of the heir who destroyed the will and who assumed a confession that he himself was the guilty one. The motive for this was purely theatric and is a touch of commercialism in Pinero's methods in this play. Mr. Bruning made a good type of the journalist brother, and the comparatively small parts filled by such distinguished actors as E. M. Holland, Ben. Johnson and others were in keeping with the standards of this playhouse.

MAXINE ELLIOTT'S. "THE GAMBLERS." Play in three acts by Charles Klein. Produced October 31 with this cast:

Wilbur Emerson, George Nash; James Darwin, Charles Stevenson; George Cowper, William B. Mack; Giles Raymond, DeWitt C. Jennings; Frederick Tooker, Cecil Kingstone; John Emerson, George Backus; Thomas, William Postance; Hicks, Charles Burbidge; Bindley, George Wright, Jr.; Waiter, Egbert Munro; Arthur Pickering, George Wright, Jr.; Ernest Roberts, Grant Ervin; Catherine Darwin, Jane Cowl; Isabel Emerson, Edith Barker; Jane, Julia Hay; Mrs. Pickering, Mariele Bornefeld; Mrs. Roberts, Mary Barry.

Mr. Charles Klein builds so solidly, develops his action so logically, characterizes his people with such minute touches, and proves his facts so conclusively that a simple recounting of the plot of "The Gamblers" partakes of the vividness of description. Indeed, a general account is sufficient to indicate that the play has power. Criticism might concern itself with some of the moral aspects, but, even so, the Director in the bank who has misused its funds suffers the penalty of five years' imprisonment for doing what "everybody else is doing," and the District Attorney conducts the case against him unscrupulously and on motives of personal hate and jealousy rather than in accordance with his sense of official duty.

The lesson of the play is almost negligible in spite of the fact that the defaulter is punished. His act is not condoned and he is not made lovable by reason of it. The methods of bank looters are bared and the folly of crime in business is distinctly shown in the personal abasement that comes to each participant. The point of interest is in the coming together of the defaulter and the wife of the District Attorney, who formerly had been lovers and had been thrown apart by circumstances. Thus, it is not primarily a drama of moral purpose, although that purpose is not absent, but one of sentiment. In other words, the sentimental situation is not unfamiliar, but the circumstances and the treatment are.

An associate in the criminal action had weakened and had turned over papers to the District Attorney that would convict. In a scene of tense interest the situation is discussed by the men involved. A game of cards has been arranged for, and it is finally agreed among them that the turn of a card should designate the one who is to assume the responsibility and become the victim of the inevitable indictment. The lot falls to Wilbur Emerson (George Nash). He enters the house of the District Attorney at night, with a dark lantern, to abstract the papers from the desk of his personal and official enemy. The wife discovers him in his search, secures possession of the papers herself, and will not listen to his pleading that she give them to him. The District Attorney has had him shadowed by detectives and confronts him there. He believes that he has come by appointment with his wife, but promises to listen to his explanation. He sends him out of the room and calls his wife to have her confirm it. His questioning is of such a character that she, in her indignation, declines to finish her story, and assents to his charges. She will leave him. Thus, we have the drama of situation and sentiment. The scenes are very strong. Happily, the merits of the play are not confined merely to situations. The incidents and detail are so cumulative that the action is instinct with life and character and emotion and comedy as well. As a production it reaches the high water mark set here of recent years. Not an opportunity is wasted. Every point is made by every character. Simple and effective means apart from the lines are used, and they point to the growing importance of production in conjunction with authorship, the author's work not being finished with the lines. One of the speculators with the funds of the bank, as played by De Witt C. Jennings, has little to do or say except to show solicitude for his own safety, but he chews an inseparable unlighted cigar in a way that expresses more than words. William B. Mack as a weak-willed, timid man who had given to the District Attorney his signed confession was excel-

Mishkin Studio

OLIVE ULRICH
As Ketchen in "Hans, the Flute Player"

lent. The District Attorney was in the hands of Charles Stevenson, who, in a masterly way, made him duly unsympathetic. Miss Cowl was most impressive in her moments of wounded pride, and justified the moral sentiment of the play. No force or ingenuity in any part of the drama in which she was not present would have availed without an entirely impressive performance of this character. The play rested upon her shoulders, and that no doubt was the design of the author. Mr. George Nash has the forceful, decisive qualities needed in the daring man of finance whose one misstep has not destroyed his manliness and sense of honor. Mr. George Backus, as the father, relieved the play of sordidness in impression, that he was the type of the absolutely honest man of wealth. It is true that he had retired from business, but there is good reason to believe that there are honest men, a few, still actively engaged in affairs. The play makes this point clear.

BRUCE McRAE
Now playing the part of the Duke of Moreland in "Nobody's Widow" at the Hudson Theatre

NEW YORK. "NAUGHTY MARIETTA." Comic opera by Victor Herbert and Rida Johnson Young. Produced November 7 with this cast:

Simon O'Hara, Harry Cooper; Etienne Grandet, Edward Mortindel; Lieut.-Governor Grandet, Wm. Frederic; Sir Harry Blake, Raymond J. Bloomer; Rudolfo, James S. Murry; Florenze, Edward Morgan; Manuelo, William Mack; Night Watchman, Eugene Roder; Indian, Thomas Reynolds; East Indian, Bert Leslie; Knife Grinder, Philip Hahn; Marietta D'Altena, Mlle. Trentini; Lizette, Kate Elinore; Adah, Maria Duchene; Nanette, Louise Aichel; Felice, Blanche Lipton; Fanchon, Vera De Rosa; Graziella, Sylvia Loti; Franchesca, Myrtle Randall; Capt. Warrington, Orville Harrold.

At the New York Theatre Oscar Hammerstein is presenting his latest operatic child, called "Naughty Marietta," with Emma Trentini and Orville Harrold as stars. Both of these singers were members of the Manhattan Opera House forces. Trentini has always evoked praise for her singing and Orville Harrold was the tenor whom Oscar Hammerstein found in vaudeville and had him trained until he trod the Manhattan boards in "Rigoletto" and "Pagliacci." Now they are singing comic opera in true grand opera style, the music having been composed for "Naughty Marietta" by Victor Herbert. Rida Johnson Young wrote the libretto.

Before touching on "Naughty Marietta," rest a moment and consider the odd and dark movements of Fate. Years ago Oscar Hammerstein built the Olympic Theatre and defied every convention of the theatrical world. He chose a site so far uptown that everybody shook their prophetic heads and said: "Impossible." He built roof gardens, foyers and what not—there was no end to the enormity of his scheme. And, in truth, he did come to grief over it. But that is another story. Bankrupt in everything but brains and energy, he started life anew, building the Victoria, the Republic Theatre, Hackett's Theatre and the Manhattan Opera House—to say nothing of the Philadelphia Opera House. But no matter how great his success, he never passed to that side of Broadway where the Olympic stood until the opening night of "Naughty Marietta," for that comic opera was produced by Oscar Hammerstein in the house which he built years ago, and is now called the New York, and which he was far-sighted enough to realize would soon be the very centre of the theatrical district.

He sat in a stage box at the première of "Naughty Marietta" and his face wore a satisfied smile. He had "come back"—and with new glories. And when the audience caught sight of him they cheered and compelled him to rise. So the whirligig of Time had played another odd prank.

But to "Naughty Marietta"—that is Victor Herbert both melodious and ambitious. There are not many tunes that will be carried home for whistling consumption on the morning after, but the music has snap and spirit and it really does overflow with winning melody. It is not trivial and is a cleverly-made score which really sounds its beauties. The less said about the book of this opera the better. It is simply stupid and will interrupt no one's drowsing. That is the weak spot—that and the fact

Copyright Charles Frohman Mrs. Thomas Whiffen Marie Doro Ann Murdock
Act II. Emeline (Marie Doro): "I was going to work myself if I could not find some other way out of it!"
SCENE IN WILLIAM GILLETTE'S NEW PLAY "ELECTRICITY" AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE

that the comedy introduced is far, far below the level of the rest of the work. It is vulgar at times, and not funny at its best.

But there all cavilling ends. Broadway has surely never heard such singing in comic opera as Trentini and Harrold offer them. The little soprano's voice is like a bird's in that it soars to endless heights and is ever brilliant. She has cast aside her native Italian for the moment and speaks English with a strong accent—but the libretto affords the necessary excuses for that. Harrold unfortunately has not enough to sing, but in the final half-hour of the opera he brings his audience to its feet with the high, clear, bell-like tones which he hurls out so prodigally. Edward Martin-

Hall Orville Harrold Mlle. Trentini

SCENE IN VICTOR HERBERT'S AND RIDA JOHNSON YOUNG'S COMIC OPERA "NAUGHTY MARIETTA"

dell, an excellent bass, sings very well—so does the chorus. It is decidedly worth hearing, as Herbert's music and the singing and Trentini and Harrold more than atone for the sleepy book and the low comedy.

HUDSON. "Nobody's Widow." Comedy in three acts by Avery Hopwood. Produced November 15 with this cast:

Roxana Clayton, Blanche Bates; Betty Jackson, Adelaide Prince; Countess Manuela Valencia, Edith Campbell; Fanny Owens, Dorothy Shoemaker; Duke of Moreland, Bruce McRae; Ned Stephens, Rex McDougall; Baron Reuter, Henry Schuman-Heink; Peter, Westhrop Saunders.

Of late years one is so accustomed to associate a Belasco production with the electrifying word "success" that a Belasco *première* has come to be one of the most popular and eagerly attended functions of the theatrical season. The latest dramatic offering by this wizard of our stage is a brilliant comedy written by Avery Hopwood, a new-comer among American dramatists, yet already favorably known by his previous plays "Clothes" (in collaboration with Channing Pollock) and "Seven Days" (in collaboration with Mary Roberts Rinehart). Mr. Hopwood is young (he is not yet thirty), but he is already as well equipped as most playwrights twice his age. His technic is well-nigh flawless. It is far more difficult to make people laugh than to make them weep, but this young playwright skims over thin ice with a dexterity and sureness of touch that is astonishing. With the flimsiest of plots he has written one of the most amusing comedies seen here in years. The situations are dramatic and full of surprises, the dialogue crisp, witty, sparkling, the humor continual and delicious, the action sure and rapid.

The piece should properly be classed as farce rather than comedy. While traveling in Europe an impressionable but self-reliant young woman named Roxana hurriedly marries the Duke of Moreland, a rather flirtatious Englishman. The same evening as their wedding she catches him kissing another woman. This so enrages the wife that she immediately leaves him and returns to America, announcing to all her friends that her husband, "Mr. Clayton," died suddenly of "enlargement of the heart." She appears elaborately dressed in widow's weeds at the Palm Beach home of her friend Betty Jackson, who also happens to have the Duke of Moreland on her visiting list. The sympathies of Betty and her friends go out to the bereaved Roxana, who is continually extolling the virtues of her late lamented husband. The duke turns up, an invited guest. He is as madly in love with his wife as ever, but she refuses to have anything to do with him or even admit that he is alive. "I buried you; remain dead!" she commands. At the beginning of Act II the fascinating duke has won his pardon and to all intents and purposes the comedy is ended, but here is where Mr. Hopwood fools his audience and provides an agreeable surprise, for the play only now begins. Roxana's friend Betty becomes the *dea*

(*Continued on page xvii*)

Photos Lande

SOME OF THE STAGE SETTINGS SPECIALLY PAINTED FOR THE NEW YORK PRODUCTION OF "ARMIDE"

"Armide" at the Metropolitan

WITH Gluck's "Armide" the Metropolitan Opera House parted its stately and aristocratic curtains for the season. This inaugural performance of grand opera marked the real beginning of the season of 1910-11, so far as the great public is concerned.

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MME. FREMSTAD

Of course, there are concerts and recitals long before the Metropolitan unsluices its gates of music. But the season is not really stamped with the mark of approval until music and fashion meet in this exclusive place—now New York's only home of grand opera since Oscar Hammerstein has retired from the local arena.

It goes quite without saying that the Metropolitan's opening event was one of great brilliancy. That seems a trite way of expressing it, but it boasted of just that quality, namely brilliancy. Boxes, orchestra stalls, everywhere that the eye could light it would ferret out people of prominence. Everybody "Who is Who" in music, art and the social register, was there. The humble standee raised his eyes boxwards and gloated at the privilege which the first night of opera always brings with it.

Frankly admitted, Gluck's "Armide" was scarcely suited to these surroundings. It is more than a century and a quarter old, and no stretch of imagination can call it a brilliant opera. It had never before been presented here; it is a classic of the most exalted order—so it does not wait on the approval or disapproval of New York. Its place in opera history has long ago been fixed. Yet it still remains a mystery why the knowing ones at the Metropolitan Opera House should have chosen this sedate work for the season's *première*, surrounding it with all the tinsel of fashion when it merits a more sedate and quieter setting.

However that be, New York has at last heard "Armide." At the time when this work was born, in Paris on September 23, 1777, at the Académie Royale it precipitated an artistic war. The Gluckists and the Piccinists crossed swords, the points dipped in ink—they believed, in indelible ink. To-

Burr McIntosh

SIGNOR CARUSO

day Piccini is practically forgotten by the public, while Gluck is basking in high appreciation among real music lovers, and his works refuse to die. They are, if such a thing be possible, growing more immortal every year. Last season his "Orfeo ed Eurydice" was one of the greatest artistic successes of the year—and now comes his "Armide."

If the Gluckists and the Piccinists waged war over "Armide" more than a century ago that danger is at least over. "Armide" will cause no war at the Metropolitan. Not even the Gluckists and the Puccinists will think it worth while to spill ink in argument.

It is very doubtful if "Armide" will ever here reach the plane of admiration accorded to "Orfeo ed Eurydice." The latter has a great deal of compelling, human interest, while "Armide" leaves one very cold and its length palls a bit. Even a babe in arms would know that the music is truly great in its dramatic moments and that some of the ballet bits are exquisite. But the text of this tragedy, by Quinault, is about two and a half centuries old, dealing with an incident in Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered," and its appeal to present day audiences — even those who love the classics—is bound to be slight. It has been said that the reason this opera was never sung here before was because of the great demands it makes for a big cast of exceptional singers. Admitted; but that is probably not all of the story, for a single hearing will prove to any ears open to conviction why "Orfeo" is a favorite and why "Armide" is comparatively neglected.

Now to the performance itself. Everything possible had been done to lavish success and interest on this work. Beautiful and elaborate scenery had been painted by Pasquereau, of Paris, whose master hand and brush made last season's "Orfeo" a delight to the eye. Toscanini, who is an ardent Gluck enthusiast, has directed every preparation with unceasing care, and if anyone can breathe the fire of living interest into this opera it is Toscanini, who conducted it with wonderful sympathy.

The cast of singers was the very pick from among great artists in the roster of this opera institution. Olive Fremstad, in the title part, was superb, shedding dramatic intensity in her wake at every possible opportunity. She looked impressive, regal as Armide, the sorceress, and she sang this difficult music in classic style. Fremstad is always a woman of brains—she does nothing lightly nor heedlessly. Her Armide is not a rôle in which she will ever assail portals of popular approval, but she sang and acted this part with as concentrated interest and care as though her operatic spurs were still unwon and that she was bound to win them now.

As Renaud, Enrico Caruso surprised his hearers. This tenor used artistic discretion in his singing, yet giving full rein to the wonderfully beautiful quality of his golden tones. His big number in the second act was simply exquisitely sung and made highest appeal to those who do not revel in the high, rampant tones that this favorite tenor hurls at the ceiling in other operas.

Amato, in the role of Hidraot, uncle of Armide, was in his vocal element. He let his fine baritone voice flow along classic lines of expression, seeking none of the big emotional effects that came in his path as temptations. Louise Homer, as La Haine, was impressively dramatic, while Marie Rappold, as Une Naiade was vocally enticing in her part, looking an eighteenth century Rhine Maiden—which caused some of the ardent Wagnerites to gasp in astonishment. Alma Gluck sang a dual rôle and she sang exquisitely, and Jeanne Maubourg was excellent as Phenice. Dingh Gilly, Le Segurola and Reiss filled other parts—and all were good, all in the mood key, all in the operatic picture.

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MARCELLA SEMBRICH

The golden-voiced coloratura singer, whose song recitals crowd Carnegie Hall to its utmost capacity

Toscanini's command over the orchestra was absolute, and the men under his baton played as if inspired by his enthusiasm for the artistic greatness of this long neglected work. In fact everything possible was done to lift "Armide" to a high plane for the public to relish. But it all seemed out of place a bit on the opening night of the Metropolitan Opera season. It is a performance to be viewed in a quiet mood and by musical epicures. But it shows plainly the artistic hand of Giulio Gatti-Casazza, general manager of this institution, for by the choice of this opera for the opening of the season he flings defiance at custom and at Fashion and he declares this opera institution to be run on an art for art's sake basis.

Chief among the recitals of the month is the one given by Marcella Sembrich. She stands alone among concert givers, does this unique artist. She has but to announce a recital and forthwith Carnegie Hall is sold out. And she commands her own audiences—not those who go to pass the time or who go to seek sensation. Her audiences come solely to hear singing. And they are never disappointed—for they hear real singing. That vast audience at her most recent recital literally hung upon the lips of this artist. The attention was focussed upon her every note. It was a wonderful exhibition of the real love for artistic singing that actually exists in this vast, noisy city. Her programme was odd and attractive—Schubert, Schumann and Brahms, instead of the usual collection of classics and moderns.

Josef Hofmann is back again this season, playing the piano as never he has done before. He is a matured artist, and into his play poetry has crept. Technique and virility are still there in ample abundance, but with poetic charm added he is a greater artist than ever.

Scenes in "The Merry Wives of Windsor" at the New Theatre

Byron, N. Y. Mistress Page (Rose Coghlan) Sir John Falstaff (Louis Calvert) Mistress Ford (Edith Wynne Matthison)

ACT III. MISTRESS PAGE AND MISTRESS FORD STUFF FALSTAFF INTO THE CLOTHES BASKET

Byron Shallow (Ben Johnson) Sir Hugh Evans (Albert Bruning) Page (Lee Baker) Sir John Falstaff (Louis Calvert) Ford (A. E. Anson) Mistress Ford (Edith Wynne Matthison)

ACT IV. FORD CUDGELLING FALSTAFF, WHO IS DISGUISED AS THE OLD WOMAN OF BRENTFORD

Byron, N. Y.

THE CHILDREN EATING THE DINNER SERVED BY THE MANAGEMENT IN THE ROOF GARDEN ENCLOSURE

The Children of "The Blue Bird"—On and Off the Stage

ADELE ROLLAND

ARE the youngsters who act such parts as Cold-in-the-Head, The Boy Lover, The Girl Lover, The Unborn Tyl, and various other rôles in "The Blue Bird" children of unusual intelligence; are they capable of comprehending the subtle symbolism of Maeterlinck's fantasy, or, are they—well, just kids?

During the final rehearsals at the New Theatre the present writer "cornered" a number of these children on the huge stage of the Central Park West playhouse, but at that time they were too busy "getting acquainted" and used to their new surroundings to reply to questions. They were either playing "hide-and-seek" among the "props" for the Woodcutter's Cottage, the Palace of Night or the Churchyard, or riding around on the turn-table while a scene was being shifted. Some even climbed high up in the flies, almost to the top, and had to be rescued from their perilous positions by Mr. Al. Hawkes, the chief electrician. Others were out in front "trying out" every seat in the house. But, after the opening, the "kiddies" assumed a more dignified demeanor. After hearing—many of them for the first time—the applause of an audience and the next morning seeing their names in the newspapers, they seemed to realize that they were real actors and began to take their duties seriously.

"What's this?" asked little Berta Donn, who plays Cold-in-the-Head, the sneezing part in the play, of Mr. Hawkes, as she put her tiny white hand on the top of a steam separator behind a scene flap of The Kingdom of the Future just before Time sails away with the children who are to be born.

"This is for drying the steam used for the haze that envelopes Father Time's boat," replied Mr. Hawkes. Just then there was a sizzling and an illuminating flare-up that gradually blended with the heavenly atmosphere of the scene, as the boat glided through space with the children who were "being born," and Berta clapped her hands gleefully:

"I see, I see. Isn't it just great, though!"

Even so well-seasoned a little actress as dainty Gladys Hulette, who plays Tyltyl, is not without her bump of curiosity. She busies herself when "off stage" by going about peering here and there—"taking in the situation." Sometimes she makes profitable suggestions. "The Blue Bird" had been running about a week when she walked over to one of the stage electricians who had just been working a spotlight in the first scene, and said:

HELEN KENT

"I wish you would turn that 'spot' (she understands stage language) a little 'back stage,' because as I sit up in bed at the 'entrance' of the Fairy Berylune the light strikes the metal lamp on the mantel-piece and the reflection hurts my eyes. Then, too, I noticed last night as I walked in front of the lamp that the light striking the lamp throws a bad shadow on the wall."

The "spot" was shifted a little at the next performance and not only did little Miss Hulette see better but the lamp showed up better.

"What does it mean?" cried little Jeanette Dix, one of the Tyl sisters in The Land of Memory scene.

"Why, don't you know? It's a fairy story like 'The Three Bears,' and 'Cinderella and the Glass Slipper,' only it's deeper. The story begins, you know, with Tyltyl and Mytyl, the little boy and girl ——"

"Do pronounce them right," corrected tiny Helen Kent, a *blue child*. "Tyltyl is accented on the first syllable and Mytyl on the last."

Not heeding this irrelevant interruption Jeanette went on: "And the Fairy Berylune—don't you love that name? I've called one of my dolls after her. In the play the Fairy Berylune comes and begs the children—you know, Tyltyl and Mytyl—to find the bird for her."

"Not for her, for her crippled child," interrupted Patricia Collinge, The Blue Child. There are many "blue" children, but Patricia is The Blue Child, and a clever little actress she is, too.

"What do you think about the play, Patricia?"

"It's nice and all that, but I think Mr. 'Mettylink' is awfully hard on the cat. I think cats are just as nice as dogs if you treat them right. The cat likes Mytyl all right. I wished I played Mytyl. I know that I could."

THE CHILDREN'S PLAYGROUND ON THE ROOF

Copyright Bangs

THIS REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY SHOWS MISS GWENDOLYN VALENTINE IN THE CHARACTER OF WATER
In Maurice Maeterlinck's symbolical play "The Blue Bird" now at the Majestic Theatre

"Cats deceive you; dogs don't," cried Emmett Hampton, who tells you he is eight years old, and that he is going to be a big man some day. Emmett plays The Unborn Tyl, who tells Tyltyl in The Kingdom of the Future scene that he is going to bring him three diseases when he is born.

"Well, cats are made that way," interrupted Madeline.

"That hasn't got anything to do with it," exclaimed one of the Fairbanks twins. "Of course, if you rub Kitty the wrong way she gets mad. Everybody knows that. That's what Mr. 'Mettylink' does. He rubs his cat the wrong way, and, of course, he doesn't like cats as well as dogs."

children scampered away, each to his respective station.

Next I found a small group of "kiddies" sitting on the back of the scene "prop" for The Palace of Night scene. They were having a heated discussion about Tyltyl and Myltyl in the first scene. One little *unborn*, born or "born again" youngster (feminine) said:

"Yes, that's the way mother does—tucks me up and is careful and blows the lamp out, and then I dream."

"But 'tain't right for a fairy to have only one eye, and fairies ain't old," broke in another. "She's a witch, that's what she is!"

She meant the Fairy Berylune, and as the other *blue children*

Byron, N. Y. Louis Calvert Mrs. H. Otis Dellenbaugh Helen Reimer Albert Bruning Olive Oliver Ferdinand Gottschalk

Act III. The Mortimer heirs are upset at the discovery of the will

SCENE IN SIR ARTHUR W. PINERO'S PLAY, "THE THUNDERBOLT," PRESENTED AT THE NEW THEATRE

"What do you think about the play?" I asked little Will Davis.

"Oh, the play itself is all right," replied Willie, "but I think Mr. 'Mettylink' ought to have had the boat that takes the children down to earth built like a stork—you know, like the swan boats in Central Park."

Nearby was the Cave of Diseases, and it sounded as if it were haunted. But presently out tripped little Berta Donn, the eleven-year-old Russian immigrant girl who plays Cold-in-the-Head.

"What have you been doing in there?" asked Mr. George Foster Platt, who produced "The Blue Bird."

"Just practicing my sneeze," answered Berta. "You see, I want to put a lot of 'atmosphere'—I think that's what they call it—into my acting because some day I'm going to be with Belasco, and I'm going to be great like Nazimova, who is Russian like me."

"Do you like your part?" asked the interviewer.

"Oh, yes, very much," replied Berta. "There's lots of what they call 'business' to it. And then, I can sneeze better than the others. They chose me out of fifty other girls because I snoze—sneezed best."

"How do you do it?"

"Just as I would if I really did sneeze. You see, I come from the East Side, and I heard Mr. Ames say it's easier to sneeze if you come from the East Side."

Just then there was a call of "curtain," and the little *blue*

Next I found a small group of "kiddies" sitting on the back of the scene "prop" for The Palace of Night scene. They were having a heated discussion about Tyltyl and Myltyl in the first scene. One little *unborn*, born or "born again" youngster (feminine) said:

"Yes, that's the way mother does—tucks me up and is careful and blows the lamp out, and then I dream."

"But 'tain't right for a fairy to have only one eye, and fairies ain't old," broke in another. "She's a witch, that's what she is!"

She meant the Fairy Berylune, and as the other *blue children* nodded in acquiescence, it only proves that M. Maeterlinck was wrong in his conception of that particular fairy.

There was no attempt at continuity in the discussions of these *blue children*. The next outburst was:

"It's a pussy-cat!" evidently speaking of Tylette, so admirably well played by Mr. Cecil Yapp, who puts a finish on his acting. "Don't the cat say that she always treats children as they deserve to be treated?" continued the little spokes-girl.

Venturing to ask one of the children what was the best part in the play, one little girl exclaimed:

"The dog's the best. The man who wrote this play knows all about dogs. Always stickin' to yer whether you're good to 'em or not. Yer kick 'em and they lick your hands."

At this point a little blue-eyed "blue" *unborn* child had her say:

"But Myltyl and Tyltyl don't treat the doggie right! They don't give him any cake when he sniffs and sniffs. *Real* boys and girls are not as mean as that!"

"See! There goes Milk," whispered a brown-eyed child. "Why don't Milk give Myltyl and Tyltyl a drink? What's the use of her going about everywhere an' not doin' nothin'?"

"How can she when her jug's broke?" piped up a little "unborn," not heard from up to this time.

"That don't matter," answered back little brown eyes, "she could have a little in the bottom, couldn't she?"

"Children, children!" whispered Mr.

(*Continued on page xi*)

1—Olive Fremstad. 2—Johanna Gadski and Otto Goritz. 3—Geraldine Farrár. 4—Antonio Scotti. 5—Adolph Muhlmann. 6—Enrico Caruso and Gina Torriani. 7—Tulio Rossi

FAMOUS FOREIGN SONGBIRDS EN ROUTE FOR AMERICA FOR THE OPERA SEASON OF 1910-1911

A Stage Favorite Under the First Napoleon

AMONG the famous women of the stage whose beauty and talent won for them everlasting renown, few had a longer or more interesting career than Mlle. Mars, the favorite actress of the first Napoleon.

Anne Françoise Hippolyte Boutet was nearing her sixty-fifth year and her retirement from the stage which she had adorned under the strange name of Mlle. Mars, when Alexandre Dumas went to read to her his new play "Mlle. de Belle-Isle." There was in this piece a rôle of a middle-aged woman which he ardently hoped would appeal to the petted actress and insure the success of his drama. For the name part he had selected a younger, if not more beautiful woman. What was his discomfiture when the great Mars, after listening in silence to the end, exclaimed: "I will play it; the part of Mlle. de Belle-Isle suits me perfectly." And play it she did, so well as to make Parisians, always skeptical on the score of age, believe that she would never grow old. This is one of the stock anecdotes of this celebrated actress. It has the merit of being endorsed by Dumas himself and it appears in nearly all the sketches of her life of which Parisian annals of the early 80's were full. There are many other stories as "well found" of this beautiful and witty woman,—and it would seem that in the *chronique scandaleuse* of her time she has found an immortality denied in general to the fleeting vision of the stage. The other tales do justice to her caustic wit, her almost miserly love of money and her romantic attachment to the memory of Napoleon. She maintained her empire longer, much longer than her great patron did his, but she never forgot to worship at the shrine of the Corsican who made her fortune.

The actress was born in Paris in 1779. Her father was an actor-playwright named Monvel; her mother, an actress known as Mlle. Mars-Salvelat, who had made an unsuccessful début at the Comédie-Française. With such parents it is not surprising that the child was attracted to the stage at a very early age. She made her début when she was fifteen at the Théâtre Feydeau. Five years later she was made a full-fledged member of the Comédie and remained one of the most famous actresses of that organization for over thirty-three years. Her contemporaries describe her as one of the glories of the Théâtre Français, incomparable in ingenue parts and equally successful in leading rôles. Her chief characteristics, which distinguished her above other actresses of her day, were uncommon naturalness, grace, finesse, distinction, superb eyes, an irresistible smile and the voice of an enchantress.

Quite recently at Paris, in a research to discover in hidden quarters specimens of Renaissance work, it was brought to people's attention that in the four-century old house, standing at the corner of the Rue Bayard and the Cours-la-Reine, was at one time the property of Mlle. Mars. The house was originally built at Moret, forty miles from the capital, by François I, as a place for assembling his hunting parties before and after the chase. Stone by stone it was removed and set up in Paris where it remained intact until 1826, a property of the government. Then a certain Colonel De Brac—a "beau garçon" of the period—bought it and bestowed it upon the still brilliant star of the Comédie Française, who already had his heart. Mlle. Mars was then in her fiftieth year; her adorer was twenty years her junior, but on the stage she remained as youthful and as beautiful as in the great days of the First Empire. Truly a marvelous woman as well as actress—she could captivate men as she could audiences as long as she judged either worth the effort. On the advent of the romantic drama (1830), she showed as great talent as in the old repertory and when, in 1841, she acted at the Théâtre Français, as Célimène in "Le Misanthrope" she astonished her world by a marvelous display of youthful vivacity.

Following the Restoration Mlle. Mars barely escaped trouble on several occasions because of the open expression of her admiration for Napoleon and her fidelity to his memory. Her wit came to her rescue in the nick of time. When the body-guard of Louis XVIII decided to attend the theatre one night and make a demonstration against her the reply she made dissolved their scheme in universal ridicule.

"What!" she cried, "what has King Louis' bodyguard to do with Mars?" She appeared on the stage in a dress embroidered with the Napoleonic bees, and this threw the house into an uproar. Being called to deny having spoken disrespectfully of the bodyguard and to shout *"Vive le Roi!"* she refused to do either, but she emerged from the difficulty by a flash of wit.

"You ask me," she said, "to cry *'Vive le Roi!'* Well, I have said it."

At length her pecuniary interests induced her to become reconciled to the reigning family; she consented to bury her memories of Napoleon, and Louis XVIII settled upon her, as he had already done upon Talma, a pension of 30,000 francs a year. Mlle. Mars loved money for its own sake; she squandered several fortunes in her own time, but they were the fortunes of other people, owned the finest mansion and the most beautiful diamonds in Paris, but she saved her salary. She said frankly that she could never have too much money, and she would have died an enormously rich woman had she not acquired, towards the end of her life, a taste for speculation on the Bourse. She was recouping her losses there by means of building plans in which the "Maison François Premier" played a part (for she had conceived a plan of presenting it to Henri, Duke of Bordeaux, and thus sell her building lots to the aristocracy) when the Revolution of July, 1830, dashed her hopes.

It was fortunate then, for the aged actress, that her little hoard, saved from her salary as sociétaire for so many years, had remained untouched, for in the serious financial crisis that followed or caused these political changes, Mlle. Mars had been a heavy loser. Though still witty, her beauty had become, at last, a trifle too ripe to attract young admirers. She could not return to the stage; her lands had been sold to meet taxes, etc. Retirement was all that remained, from active business life as from the stage.

WILLIS STEELL.

P. Grand pinxit.

GRAVÉ D'APRÈS LE TABLEAU ORIGINAL

ET DÉDIÉ A Mlle MARS,

ANNE FRANCOISE HIPPOLYTE BOUTET, POPULARLY KNOWN AS MLLE. MARS

Mlle. Mars was one of the glories of the Théâtre Français under the First Empire and a special favorite of Napoleon I. She was born in 1779 and died in 1847

White Claude Gillingwater Vera Michelena Donald Hall George Mitchell Henry Vincent

Act I. The divorce proceedings

SCENE IN "THE GIRL IN THE TRAIN," RECENTLY PRESENTED AT THE GLOBE THEATRE

Mrs. Fiske in a Highly Colored Comedy Role

AT the Grand Opera House, Chicago, on October 31 last, Mrs. Fiske, supported by her own company, presented for the first time on any stage, "Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh," a comedy in three acts by Harry James Smith. The star fairly danced with exuberant happiness through a richly picturesque and highly colored comedy rôle with a delight in it which flooded the play and reached over to catch up the audience with its infection. Mrs. Fiske illumined an already well-built rôle with exquisite flashes of her art. With a kind of subtle fire, she seemed to live the part.

Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh is an American who, having married an English clergyman and having acquired social position along with the hyphen in her husband's name, returns to the United States with her mother and sister to visit Justin Rawson and his mother on Long Island. Alert, highly-intelligent, adaptable, she has acquired in England considerable polish and *savoir faire* which, along with her native quick wit and her adroit self-possession make her mistress of every situation. She is the master-hand of her small circle and her present ambition is to bring about a marriage between her young sister Violet de Salle and Anthony Rawson, the heir and brilliant hopeful of his uncle, Justin Rawson. Into their exclusive circle, stiff-necked and keen on blue blood as it is, there suddenly appears one Peter Swallow, of Indiana, a salesman of tombstones. Swallow is typically *gauche* and western. He claims, in his clumsy way, that this Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh is none other than Della Sell, the daughter of old Jim Sell, a fakir from Indiana, who made a fortune in patent medicine and a girl to whom he had once been engaged. Blue-blooded Anthony Rawson is horrified. He must know, before he can decide to marry the younger sister, definitely whom they are. Inadvertently Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh learns that Peter Swallow has been asked to the Rawson house purposely to confront her. Knowing that Swallow will at once recognize her old mother, she instructs her to feign illness and closet herself in her room. So far as Violet is concerned she is safe, for Violet was a mere child when they shook the dust of Indiana from their feet forever. It now remained for Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh merely to shove polish, exuberance, acquired manner and complete self-possession into the foreground and seek to mystify the man from Indiana. They meet. The encounter is a triumph of social art, of quick wit, and the lady comes out victorious. Swallow admits that this is not the person who had sat on his knee a hundred times in Indiana. In the meantime Violet has fallen in love with Geoffrey Rawson, Anthony's younger brother, a natural, unassuming chap, loathing pretence and fond of frontier life. Under his influence Violet, sickened by her sister's schemes and shams, suddenly, in the hour of her triumph over Swallow, plunges into the melée and declares that Swallow is right. The Rawsons indignantly turn Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh and her circle out of the house. However, finding that Violet and Jeoffrey have fallen in love, she is determined to arrange a marriage. On finding indisputable proof that Anthony's private life has been that of an unscrupulous betrayer of innocence, she threatens to expose him if he does not win over his uncle and grandmother into complacent acceptance of his brother's marriage with her sister. Frightened by the possibility of exposure, Anthony intercedes in her behalf and that of Violet, secures their consent to the younger Rawson's marriage with Violet, and she returns to England to boast of her American victory.

MRS. FISKE

The comedy is preceded by an uninspired interpretation of "The Shadow of the Glen" by J. M. Synge, a glimpse of peasant life in Ireland presented by Holbrook Blinn. L. F. P.

Photo by Lande

ACT I. THE SALOON IN THE WESTERN MINING CAMP

Photo by Lande

ACT II. INTERIOR OF THE GIRL'S CABIN ON THE MOUNTAIN TOP

SCENES IN PUCCINI'S NEW OPERA, "THE GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST," WHICH IS TO BE PRODUCED FOR THE FIRST TIME ON ANY STAGE AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE, NEW YORK

This opera is based upon David Belasco's well-known play of the same name. The libretto has been made by Zangarini and Civini. Emmy Destinn will sing the title rôle, Caruso that of the road agent, Amato that of the sheriff. These are the three important figures in the opera, although there are a number of vital secondary rôles. Puccini himself will doubtless attend the première in person and Toscanini will conduct. It is a great event for New York to have the honor of the first production of this opera. Strenuous efforts have been made to induce the Italian Government to bring pressure upon the author to have the work produced first in Italy, but without result

A Private Rehearsal with the Russian Dancers

Photo Lande

STAGE SETTING FOR THE BALLET "GISELLE"

Copyright Mishkin

PAVLOWA DANCING

"*OUI, j'en ai, des ailes*—I have wings," laughed Anna Pavlowa, in her rippling exotic French, fanning herself with a silken scarf as she rested for a moment, seated on a paint-ladder. "Only they are invisible, like the humming-bird's, because they are just a part of my disposition."

"An artist is never tired," said Mikail Mordkin, standing by and conducting his part of the fragmentary chat, in the same universal theatre language. "The way not to tire an audience is not to be tired yourself. If we are, we don't know it, and nobody knows it, until all is over. Our real hard work is in these rehearsals. The public presentation is a rest to us—we positively enjoy it. That is how we can give a big matinée here at the Metropolitan Opera House on Saturday afternoon, and then repeat the performance the same evening in Brooklyn."

It was a night rehearsal, just preceding this double-header event—which will be a vivid memory in the minds of a large section of the New York public by the time these notes appear in print.

The scene was the vast stage of the Metropolitan Opera House, extended on movable board scaffolding out over the orchestra pit and the auditorium. The hour was well on towards midnight—though one might never have guessed it, either from the animation of the dancers or the artificial daylight—for the sun never shines in that great gilded Mammoth Cave.

The stage was set for the Arabian Nights scene of "Azyiade," a gorgeous Oriental ballet d'action, arranged by Mordkin himself to the wildest and most languishing kind of music, some of it original, some selected from half a dozen Muscovite and French composers, and which was wrought into shape for its first production right here in New York.

Except for the scenery and bizarre-looking "properties," such as divans, tabourettes, weird musical instruments, fearsome swords like meat-axes, and feather fans on poles ten feet long, there was nothing about the place to suggest the reign of the good Haroun al Raschid. Work-benches, ladders, ropes, paint-pots, piles of lumber, and all the débris of a scenic atelier, were strewn around in indescribable confusion. A bomb-proof piano, sometimes attacked by three persons at a time—when Managing Director Centanini and Stage Director Rigo re-inforced the lady rehearsal player at some whirlwind passage of Rimski or Rubinstein—supplied the music.

The artists were in motley and picturesque array. Pavlowa

Copyright Mishkin

MLLE. PAVLOWA AND M. MORDKIN IN THEIR BEAUTIFUL BACCHANTE DANCE

flitted about in blue gauze over her flesh-colored dancing-tights, wearing her regular horny-toed ballet slippers, and a Carmen-like crimson ribbon bound fillet-wise in her raven-black hair. She is slight but not angular, and weighs not much over ninety pounds. Her face is thin rather than full, but she has a low, broad, classic forehead, large and lustrous eyes, a mobile mouth with pearly teeth disclosed in flashing smiles, and altogether a range of expression from the animation of a Bacchante to the eerie, tragic horror of Gautier's "Giselle," that is truly marvelous.

Mordkin, tall and athletic, in Russian red morocco boots with tassels, a loose white shirt with rolling collar, red sailor-knot tie, and a leather belt buckled tightly around his slender waist, dominates the scene, with voice and action combined. He pantomimes everybody else's part, as well as his own, shouting commands to the principals in Russian, and to the minor ballerine in French.

Copyright Mishkin

MIKAIL MORDKIN IN THE ARROW DANCE

A tiny Turkish odalisque with roguish face and luxuriant brown curls, wearing the pajama-like silken trousers and jacket which harem ladies affect, is Queen Azyiade's handmaiden. You would never think to look at her that her real name is Bronislawa Pajitzkaia. She is the first solo danseuse of the Imperial aggregation from St. Petersburg and Moscow, which includes ten or a dozen other able-bodied soloists, of both sexes, who are to be seen gyrating about the stage in blue jeans, or bloomers, or street costumes, just as it may happen.

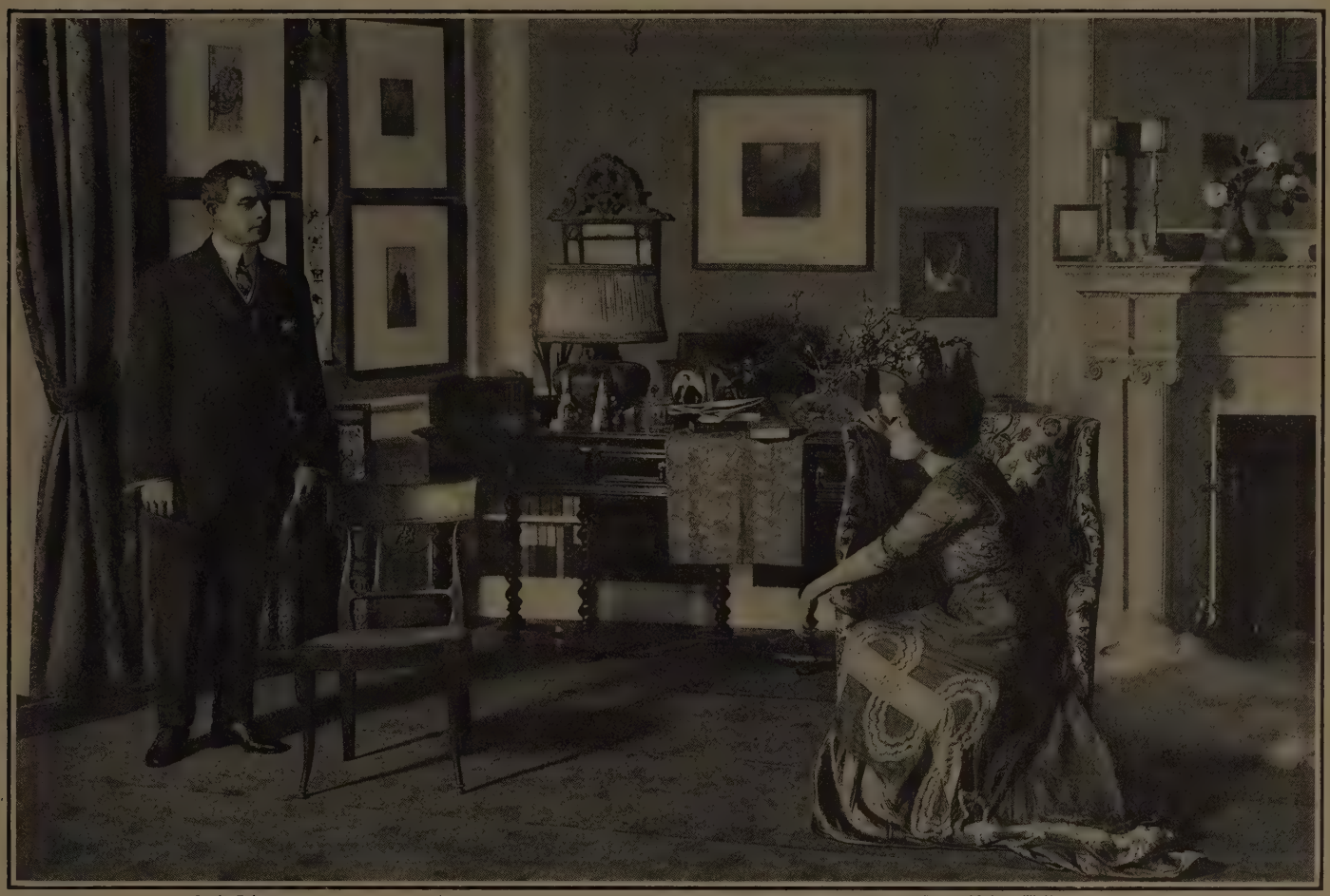
But they all bow down and tremble before Czar Mordkin, who sits enthroned in the barbaric state of a tribal chieftain, while his vassals lay before him the spoils of a raid. Amongst these is a rug that looks good to the "Schah." He orders it unrolled, and lo! it contains the lily of the Euphrates, otherwise Mlle. Pavlowa. Her hands are tied, and she is almost smothered—but still she can dance enough to make the Schah take notice. He cuts her bonds with his sword, and orders a revel, which soon grows fast and furious, until finally the siren captive drugs her despot lord with the rose-crowned wine cup, and she and her handmaiden escape, L. U. E., whilst the brigands and officers rough-house it with their crescent-shaped scimetars, to the slashing Oriental sword-dance music of Arensky and Bourgault-Ducoudray, with incense smoking and the slave-girls pounding their tambourines.

So the rehearsal goes on, the same things over and over and over again. So it has been going on since ten o'clock in the morning, with but modest intermissions for luncheon and dinner. Yet they all seem as frisky and as full of vim as a lot of young

Photo Lande

M. Mordkin Mlle. Pavlowa

A REHEARSAL OF THE IMPERIAL RUSSIAN BALLET AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE



White Orrin Johnson Act III. Nora confesses her guilt to King Laura Nelson Hall

SCENE IN WILLIAM J. HURLBUT'S DRAMA "NEW YORK" SEEN RECENTLY AT THE BIJOU THEATRE

goats. Mordkin quits his throne, leaps six feet into the air and turns four times before alighting, just to show how it ought to be done. Pavlowa pirouettes across the stage on the tips of her toes, spins around like a top, and stops instantaneously in a charming, fairy-like pose, as her partner catches her lightly round the waist. When Mordkin overacts his despot part, commanding another cushion to rest his boots on, and the fat slave falls prostrate and quivers like jelly in his abject fear, the lovely première danseuse, sitting on the floor, laughs and bends forward in childish glee until her forehead bumps against the carpet.

During a pause, while the flashlight photographer is exploding rockets and roman candles, Mikail Mordkin bounds up on the scaffold, where the electricians and one or two other vague spectators sit smoking cigarettes over the asbestos-painted tent scene of "Pagliacci," and endeavors to explain how such a triumphant ballet production as this ever escaped from Russia.

The Czar's government is autocratic, and wherever it sends a student,—whether to Siberia or to the opera dancing-school,—it sends him for keeps. The regular course of technical instruction at the Imperial conservatories is twelve years. Combined with the intensity of the Russian temperament, this is bound to produce results out of the common. They have to catch their prospective artists young, even at the tender age of seven or eight; and they retire them on a life pension long before they are forty.

THE MUSIC OF WAGNER

From stage to roof the waves of color fly,
Like iridescent tints that half conceal
The fluttering day moth, then again reveal
Him as he mounts against the sunlight, high
Above the brilliant flowers that quiet lie
Distinct against the trees beyond. So steal
The surges over all the house, to deal
The changing brightnesses that art defy.

Now all is dark, save there upon the stage
A little patch of yellow light shines clear,
And on the stands the players' lamps just glow.
There comes a sobbing of the bass-viols low,—
Hark how the violins increasing rage,—
The music of the Titans smites the ear.

CLARENCE STRATTON.

We asked Mordkin if he and his associates would forfeit this far-in-the-future pension, because they had broken away to come to Paris and London and America. He did not answer the question, but smiled and shrugged his shoulders as if to say: "I guess we won't need it."

The difference between a Russian dancer's physical training and that of an American pugilist is, firstly, that the former is under severe discipline all the time, not merely for occasional bouts; and, secondly, that the dancer's training is artistic and harmonious, instead of specialized and brutal. The fighter jumps the rope and punches a bag, and looks like a gorilla. The dancer moves to music and studies to express a poetic story in action, and becomes a living picture.

It is no hyperbole to call Pavlowa a "danseuse étoile," and Mordkin a "premier danseur classique." They are not only models of physical form and grace, but also dramatic artists of the highest order. They render famous romance legends in beautiful pantomime, the most primitive form of expression, which all the world understands, and make visible to the eye the soul of ravishing music. In the *pas de deux* Mordkin is superb in the costume of a Greek warrior, bending the bow of Ulysses. In the "Giselle" romance, his love-making with Pavlowa is *naïf* in its warmth, yet artistic in its delicacy. The concerted action of the two is something rarely seen on any stage nowadays. It is opera without words. Mordkin is its Caruso, and Pavlowa its Tetrazzini.

HENRY TYRRELL.

MARGARETE PREUSE-MATZENAUER AS FRICKA

Wagnerian Musical

THIS year I have journeyed to Munich to hear the Ring music of the Master once more, to realize the Wagnerian music dramas on his own terms, lovingly interpreted in the spirit of reverence for the traditions of Bayreuth. With the exception of Bayreuth, the Prince Regent Theater of Munich alone enables one to know the real Wagner—"Wagner for the Wagnerians"—under his own conditions. Here we find the amphitheatre-shaped auditorium, a single room with seats rising tier on tier from stage to roof, giving a clear view of the stage from all points, with no side boxes. Here we find a double proscenium with concealed orchestra and acoustic stalls. And here, lastly, but perhaps most important of all, we find a stage cunningly adapted for all those requirements which Wagner himself deemed so utterly essential; a stage with sufficient space for an entire scene to be lowered, raised or removed to either side. Seen under these vastly satisfying conditions, the Ring takes on renewed significance; for the soundness of such conditions have long since been vindicated, and the design is recognized to have arisen, not from any caprice on the part of its creator, but from the very nature of the new art work he was evolving.

Not less significant than the conditions above enumerated are the mechanical devices so lavishly employed in harmonizing representation and music in sympathetic

PAUL BENDER AS FASOLT

FRITZ FEINHALS AS WOTAN

Festival at Munich

accord. Most strikingly effective is the curved horizon, driven by an electric motor; the entire scene is overshadowed by this grandly realistic heaven. Under the stage management of the Königlicher Ober-Regisseur Professor Fuchs, assisted by the Königlicher Maschinendirektor Klein, having in charge scenery, stage effects, machinery and lighting, these performances of the Ring stand supreme as the most realistic and at the same time most artistically executed that have ever before been seen. I shall point out certain signal excellences in the mechanical direction; but, after all, it was no one feature that was supreme and outstanding. The Paris Opera gives perhaps the most brilliant execution of the Valkyries ride; and the Vienna Opera has given productions of "Das Rheingold" that, for beauty of scenic investiture, are unsurpassed. But there can be no doubt that the present productions at the Prince Regent Theater, in fidelity to nature, in adaptation of means to end, and in technical perfection, have been equaled by no other productions, anywhere, on any stage. Here all the technical appliances are employed not solely in and for themselves; they co-operate in creating the style and atmosphere appropriate to the drama portrayed.

"Das Rheingold" displayed the greatest variety and most artistically satisfying production of all the dramas. There were no curtains; but as each scene

MAUDE FAY AS GUTRUNE

LUCIE WEIDT AS BRUNNHILDE

ERNST KRAUS AS SIEGFRIED

was completed, there was mystic transition, by means of smoke, diaphanous curtains, shifting of gauzy perforated tissues, both across the stage and up and down—as it were filtered through with the tonal variations of orchestral harmony. In "Die Walküre, the manipulation of the round horizon was a marvelous picture which would have given delight to D'Annunzio, with his comprehensive views as to the plastic theatre. As the second act transpires—Woton commanding Brünnhilde to protect Siegmund, Fricka compelling him to revoke his command, and finally Brünnhilde warning Siegmund of his approaching death—the changes in the clouds and the heavens are in perfect accompaniment with the lowering significance of the events; first faint cirrus clouds float across a sky of cloudless blue, changing in tone from pearly whiteness to tawny yellow — then grey, then dark and darker, until the sky is black as night when Siegmund falls beneath Hunding's sword. And all this is effected by a single rotating curtain, across which float cloudy pieces of smokelike cloud, and sifting lights which accompany them. Most striking also was the bold attainment by Siegfried of Brünnhilde's fire-girt rock; and the splendid final scene of Götterdämmerung, the downfall of the Hall of the Gibichungs, the upheaval of the Rhine, and the final conflagration of the Walhalla, realized as a magnificent aurora borealis in the heavens.

Moffett, Chicago

WILLIAM PRUETTE

As a fierce Oriental parent in Henry Blossom and Leslie Stuart's new operetta "The Slim Princess," recently produced in Chicago

When this is said, the best has been said for these performances. The conducting of Fischer was artistic and restrained, save in parts of Siegfried and the scene between Alberich and Hagen in "Götterdämmerung." And the music, despite the fact that the orchestra was concealed, never sounded hollow nor muffled—though at times the trombones blared too strenuously in the excess of their zeal. After a London season, with its memories of the sad strains of Debussy's "Pélléas et Mélisande" and the barbaric violences of Strauss's "Elektra," the monotones of the Wagnerian music-dramas, the broadly articulated *motifs,* and all too fully stressed incidents, seemed less the "music of the future" than the music of the past.

The great outstanding star in these dramas was Fritz Feinhals as Wotan. To the tremendous demands of the part, he measured up at all times, in depth of tone, in dignity of impersonation, and in leisurely power of exposition. His second duet with Erda, magnificent in volume of tone, and his truly great treatment of the rôle at the conclusion of "Die Walküre" were above reproach. Fraulein Weidt, of Vienna, as Brünnhilde, maintained the strength and splendor of her rôle with classic force; but again and again her overacting, her too violent emotional exhibitions and excess in gesture and exposition, betrayed her desire to force the part when legitimate powers seemed to fail. The Siegfried of Kraus, of Berlin, fell far beneath the Siegfried of Knote, in the first Ring of the present season. No amount of assumed youthfulness, or no art of the costumer, could conceal the fact that Kraus was heavy and unnatural; and he looked throughout like a fair-haired Franz Liszt of the later years. The delicate, high notes of his part were marred by the unevenness and huskiness of his tones; and his acting throughout failed to create the illusion of the young hero, the champion of the new race of men. Only in "Götterdämmerung" did he approach adequacy; here his heaviness was lost in the earnestness of his treatment and the sincerity of his denotement. The Fricka of Frau Preuse-Matzenauer, of Munich, was a distinct disappointment in the "Rheingold" passages —her tones were hollow, and though strong, full of a sort of mumbling futility; but her later treatment of the part in "Die Walküre" was marked by dignity of impersonation and forthright vocal rendition.

The Loge of Herr Gunther-Braun, of Munich, while full of emotive activity, lost through overaccentuation of the comedy-tricksy feature of the rôle. The Alberich of Herr Zador, of Berlin, was executed with passionate stress and a darkly ironic force. And the Hagen of Herr Bender, of Munich, was an achievement of monumental efficacy, brilliancy and ferocity.

I mention last of all the beautiful interpretation of the rôles of Sieglinde and Gutrune by Fraulein Maud Fay, of Munich, for upon her work I love to dwell, in speaking of the final impression left upon me by these performances. She played Sieglinde with the sad beauty which one associates with the Melisande of Debussy. Her restraint, her perfect subordination of self to the requirements of the rôle, her persistent delicacy of expression in modulating all histrionic phases of her rôle to the demands of its emotive appeal—all stamped her as an artiste of rare grace, charm and personal appeal, as well as a singer of exquisite fineness and beauty of tone.

ARCHIBALD HENDERSON.

Sarony

MISS BLANCHE BATES

Who is now appearing in a new play by Avery Hopwood entitled "Nobody's Widow"

MOLIÈRE

FROM Aristophanes and Shakespeare to Sir Henry Irving and Lester Wallack, the compelling figures in the world of life and letters have been the men who rung or answered the prompter's bell.

"Who is the most illustrious author in my realm?" once asked the great Louis XIV of Boileau.

"Sire, it is Molière," answered the poet. Louis rejoined bluntly, as kings were wont to in those days:

"I don't believe it."

That was because Molière was a commoner, bred in the theatre, a comedian of "one-night stands" in the provinces until promoted to the splendor of the monarch's own palace in Paris.

But Boileau knew. He knew Molière was illustrious, not because he pleased the popular taste and gave Parisians their first lesson in the moral potentiality of the drama: but because of his profound knowledge of human nature, the philosophic value of his wit and his unerring forecast into the social future. Molière was a successful author because he knew life. He was a successful actor because none so well as he could portray the inimitable characters he drew. He was a successful manager because above everything else he was a shrewd business man.

Molière's real name was Jean Baptiste Poquelin. The change was adopted to soothe the mortification of his father, who was upholsterer to the King. That the honorable profession of the curved needle should be sullied by associations with the theatre was not to be borne. If the objections of Poquelin, the elder, had been less worldly we might blame him less, for the theatre in those days was the abode of vice and licentiousness unspeakable, almost as much, indeed, as the Court and the Church, but with a difference. Public opinion excommunicated the players, but applauded, or at least tolerated, the courtiers and the bishops.

The dramatist was born in 1620, on the Rue St. Honoré, of good, plain, Parisian stock. His father stuffed sofas, draped curtains and mended armchairs for Louis the Great. The son was ordained to the same illustrious career, but destiny in the shape of a maternal uncle, who loved the theatre, shaped the rough-hewn ends of the boy's life. Mme. Poquelin used to say to her son, "Go with thy uncle to the Hôtel Bourgogne: there thou wilt be out of mischief." Ah! poor dame! Not "out *of*" but *into* mischief, dire and lasting. For there young Molière saw Turlupin, the tumbler; Gros Guillaume, the three hundred pound athlete; he heard the plays of Rotrou and Scarron; the cap and sword comedy of Spain; he saw Scaramouche, who could box his ears with his feet and tie his legs around his neck. To the end of his life Molière never missed an opportunity of seeing Scaramouche. Mixed in with these contortionists, bergères, and clowns, Molière heard Corneille recite his masterpiece, "Le Cid." Small wonder that he should have been weaned away from cushions and footstools! The elder Poquelin yielded to his son's entreaties for an education, and sent him to the College of Clermont, where he became a pupil of the philosopher, Gassendi, and a class-mate of the Prince de Conti. Molière here learned enough of intellectual liberty to make him impatient of tradition, enough of law to make the lawyers of his comedies immortal, and enough of philosophy to reduce to powder the pretensions of the school of pedants at which he afterward directed his satire. Where he got his knowledge of medicine we can only guess, but it sufficed to create doctors that will live in literature as long as there are medicine and a suffering public. Yet none of these professions claimed him: neither law, medicine, philosophy nor upholstery. He became a common strolling player, an outcast from society, no longer a Poquelin, but—*Molière.*

For fifteen years the data we have concerning him are scant. Like Shakespeare, he was both author and actor, stage-manager and prompter: and this is by no means the only parallel between them. Molière became the chief of a company which traveled through France, and is heard of at Lyons, Toulouse, Bordeaux, Limoges and Languedoc. Scarron, in his *Roman Comique* describes the arrival in a provincial town of a troupe of comedians. No one who has read the book will forget that picture. "On a low car piled with boxes, trunks and painted canvas is riding a girl, an actress, dressed in a quaint bizarre costume, looking straight before her, while four lumbering oxen pull along this Thespian chariot. A young man, as poor in attire as he was rich in demeanor" (could this have been Molière?) "marched by the side carrying a gun upon his shoulder, his legs beaten by the swinging blows of a rapier fastened to his belt. Then comes an old man, his back bent beneath the weight of a bass viol, and looking like a huge tortoise walking on his hind legs; then a blind singer and his dog, itinerary followers of the camp." This may have been a reproduction of that side of life from Molière's own account, for he and Scarron were afterwards associated. The experience was one, we may be sure, of wearing journeys, poor lodgings, excessive labor, and of association with clowns, jugglers and dancing bears, mountebanks and courtesans,—the motley world of provincial lower class Bohemianism.

At this time Molière developed a persistent and unhappy penchant for tragedy. He played heroic rôles, for which he was fitted neither as actor nor author. At Limoges they shouted him down; at Bordeaux they threw baked apples at him. He gave it up for a time, but tried it again at Toulouse in the rôle of Heraclius. The baked apple act recommenced, and seemed to prove once for all that Molière's rôle was not to make the people *weep,* but to make them *laugh.* At Piedmont he fell in with his former schoolmate, the Prince de Conti, who was so charmed with the poet's wit and brilliancy that he offered him a large sum to become his secretary. Molière is said to have replied that his profession was dearer to him than any emolument. The former incumbent had died in a fever following a blow on the head from a pair of iron tongs in the hands of His Excellency. This fact probably furnished an undisclosed reason for declining the situation.

The Molière company was composed of fourteen men and women: La Grange, who afterward became his editor and biographer; du Parc, Brécourt, Hervé, du Croisy, Mlle. de Brie and the Béjarts, father, son and daughters. His relations with this family make a curious psycho-domestic chapter. Madeleine Béjart, the eldest daughter, occupied the leading place both in Molière's plays and in his affections, until, her jealousy making things too warm to be pleasant, he transferred his attentions to Mlle. de Brie, as long at least as she would suffer it. This, to modern minds, might seem quite complication enough, but Molière, at the age of forty, married Armande Béjart, Madeleine's youngest sister. Thus, with the woman he *had* loved, the woman who refused his devotions and the woman he consoled himself with, Molière lived and worked for fifteen years. Whatever private unpleasantness this peculiar quadrangular love affair might have caused we do not know, but it does not seem to have interfered in any way with their professional success.

JEAN BAPTISTE POQUELIN, BETTER KNOWN AS "MOLIERE." BORN 1620—DIED 1673

A poor strolling player whose wit gained for him the favor of a king and whose comedies have made immortal. Under the above engraved portrait appears this legend: "A true poet of the people, he was the terror of charlatans and braved their anger. His virtuous pen lashed imposture and by ridicule he reformed society"

The first plays presented by the *Illustre-Théâtre* (so Molière's company called themselves) were adaptations from the Italian and Spanish; pure copies, nothing more. When, later, Molière conceived the idea of writing plays himself, he saw no farther than the stage traditions of that time, and borrowed boldly from Mythology and the classics. No stage characters were conceived of by the public except the Gods and Goddesses of Mythology, Ajax and Hercules, Helen and Venus. But fifteen years of wandering in the provinces had been giving Molière lessons in the school of human nature. He sat so quiet among crowds of roysterers in taverns and shops, that he earned the nickname of *Le Contemplateur*. It was here that he first saw his Nicholes and Martines, his Don Juans, and Sganarelles, his saucy servants, rollicking adventurers and intriguing valets. It was a daring idea to introduce real humanity upon a stage that had been peopled with the bloodless ghosts of antiquity. It was not achieved all at once. The first we hear of the breaking away from tradition was in a satirical ballet, which, when played before the Prince de Conti, won Molière a fame that preceded him to Paris. It was called "The Incompatibles," in which opposite characteristics were paired off with each other in a kind of symbolic ballet: *Silence* dancing with six women, *Truth* with four courtiers, *Money* with a poet, and so on. This was followed by "l'Etourdi" ("The Blunderer"), Molière's first written comedy, introducing a lover of French flesh and blood, a pretty girl, an obdurate father, a clever valet, and the now familiar personages of a modern play. The fame of this spread to Paris, and drew the players thither with it. The Prince de Conti introduced Molière to the brother of the King, and the fall of 1650 found the company installed in the Hôtel Petit Bourbon, under the title of the *Troupe de Monsieur*, with orders to play before the Court twice a week.

Their first essay was a tragedy of Corneille. It went lame, and the rival companies of the Bourgogne and of the Marais rejoiced. At the conclusion of the play Molière stepped before the curtain, begged pardon for their country manners, and asked the King's permission to present a little comedy of their own that had amused the provinces. Then the curtain arose on the clever valet, Mascarille, who plans remarkable interviews between Lélie and the heroine, only to have them spoiled at every turn by the blunders of his own master. When at last the curtain fell, the Court was breathless with delighted surprise; all looked at the King; the muscles at the corner of the royal mouth curved upwards; and France knew how to accept her new dramatic poet.

There are various anecdotes current about Molière upon his installation in the French capital, which no biography will leave untold: though it must be confessed that for each authority citing them another will be found to deny them *in toto*. One of these is the story of the "En cas de Nuit." Molière, upholsterer and valet de chambre to the King, *"Avec survivance,"* was installed in his father's position, and enjoyed a very comfortable salary. But the other gentlemen of the bed-chamber never forgot his calling and his lack of a title. So they declined to help him make the King's bed, or to dine with a "low comedian." Louis, in order to reprove his courtiers for their unseemly pride, invited Molière to partake of the lunch that was set by the royal bedside in case of hunger in the night, and offered, with his kingly hand, a chicken wing to his protegé. This pretty story has two weak points: one is the rigorous etiquette maintained by Louis throughout his life; the other is the extreme youth of the legend, its first appearance being in the memoirs of Madame de Campan, who lived a century later, and had it through several *"on dits"* from her husband's side of the family. Gérome, however, has made a celebrated painting of the scene and, as a lie on canvas is even more tenacious of life than a lie on paper, we shall probably come in time to accept the fabrication as history.

From the *Illustrated London News*

MR. F. R. BENSON AS RICHARD III.

Mr. Benson has produced more Shakespearian plays than any other actor-manager of modern times. His company, which is exceptionally well known, is practically a travelling school of acting. Many players now well known on the stage have graduated from it. Mr. Benson is governor of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre and a trustee of Shakespeare's birthplace

Another well-known anecdote goes by the name "La Tarte à la Crême." It seems that in the comedy of "L'Ecole des Femmes" (the School for Wives), Molière had made use of the term *Tarte à la Crême*, which so horrified the literary coteries that nothing was talked of in the salons and at court but the shocking bad taste which would bring into the dignified domain of comedy, a pastry cook's term. The stately classicism of the drama, which excluded anything touching upon daily life, was still rigorously demanded. The Duc de la Feuillade, a court exquisite, was so inexpressibly scandalized at this lapse of literary decorum that whenever his opinion was asked of Molière's latest play he could only sigh, roll his eyes, and exclaim: "Oh; Tarte à la crême! Tarte à la crême!" This came to the King's ears, and he commanded from Molière a new play to be called *"La Critique de l'Ecole des Femmes,"* in which the haughty Duke was to get his

Moffett, Chicago

THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF LILLIAN RUSSELL
Who is now appearing in a new comedy entitled "In Search of a Sinner"

Julia Neilson Fred Terry

Act I. Sir Percy (Fred Terry) and his wife at the Fisherman's Rest, Dover

SCENE IN "THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL," A PLAY WHICH RAN FOR TWO THOUSAND NIGHTS IN LONDON

deserts. This little farce is a phonographic kinetoscope of a salon of the period; literary discussion, compliment, polite badinage and all. La Grange, the leading comedian of Molière's troupe, played the counterpart of the Duke, and did not fail to assume the manner and tone of the supercilious courtier as he reiterated with immeasurable scorn, "Tarte à la crême, Tarte à la crême!" The farce was dedicated to the Queen, and it is said that their majesties, who viewed it from the royal box, laughed until they held their sides.

The sequel to this chapter of satire came on the day following when the Duke, meeting Molière in a corridor of the Palace, advanced toward him in apparently friendly attitude with outstretched hands. It is inconceivable that Molière should have accepted the overture in good faith: that he did so, shows the servile attitude of commoners toward the nobility. As the comedian approached within grasping distance, the malevolent Duke seized Molière's head in both hands and rubbed his face with great violence against the front of his own doublet. When we remember that court suits were an incrustation of heavy embroidery, gold lace and metal buttons, we cannot wonder that the results were most painful to Molière, and kept him in retirement for some time afterward. The King atoned to the actor for the insult by adding to his pension, and as for the Duke, it proved to be by no means the last chapter of the difficulty for him.

Never was there a human character whose career presents more impressive contrasts than that of Molière. If one tells half the story, he is seen to be a public hero: rich, gifted, and popular; surfeited with applause; delighting in a wide friendship with men of letters; living in a style of luxury remarkable even in these times, and enjoying the protecting patronage of the great Louis. But between the lines of this brilliant biography there can be read the story of a bitter, sad-hearted man: torn with jealousy; assailed with the venom of both theatrical and literary envy; suffering in body as well as in mind, and overworked to the breaking point from year's end to year's end.

In the baptismal register of the Church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois may be seen this record—"Christened, on Tuesday, February 28, 1664, *Louis,* son of Jean Baptiste Poquelin Molière and Armande Béjart, his wife: Messire Charles, Duc de Crequy, ambassador to Rome and first gentleman of the bed-chamber to the King, representing as godfather, his Royal Highness *Louis,* fourteenth King of France and Navarre: and Madame the Duchesse de Choiseul, representing as godmother, her Royal Highness Henrietta, Queen of England, and Duchess of Orleans."

This baby son, so well godfathered and godmothered, died within two years, and took with him what little domestic happiness Molière ever knew. For, dating from the Fêtes at Versailles, where Mme. Molière made her first impression upon the great world of rank and fashion, there was no peace within the household. She accepted attentions from actors and from gentlemen of the court, and there were plenty to offer them. Young and pretty; a vivacious and clever actress, she enjoyed to the full her popularity without one pang of self-accusation for the agony she was causing, or one effort to accommodate her life to that of her husband. There were violent altercations, tears, simulated contrition, forgiveness, reconciliation, then new transgressions, and at last a separation. Then behold the complications arising from professional necessities: Molière forced himself to do without a wife, but he could not dispense with a leading lady, so the pair met daily on the boards of the theatre, and the grief was thus kept alive, poisoning every day's work as it did every night's rest. Thus, a life which had in it so many elements of happiness was

converted into a foretaste of purgatory by the irresponsible wickedness of a woman absolutely unworthy of the love of such a man. Only once did Molière open his heart to a friend. Walking, one day, with the poet Chapelle in the garden of his country house at Auteuil, the latter expressed surprise that Molière should continue to love so heartless a woman. The comedian turned and answered in the saddest justification of love ever spoken, "Then you do not know love. If philosophy tells me men can escape from their own weakness, *experience* proves that they never do. All things in the world are connected in my heart with her: my thoughts are full of her and nothing else. I love her so that I find myself entering into her feelings, and finding excuses for her coquetry. You will, of course, say that I am mad. It *is* the last degree of folly, but I believe that this is the only true love, and those who have never felt as I do have never loved." Biographers go deeply into this chapter of Molière's life, some finding many details of the different amours of Armande; while others attempt to justify her on the ground of her husband's alleged delinquencies.

Molière's theatrical supremacy was not achieved without the friction of competition. His rapid popularity created many enemies: they arose to the right and to the left: comedians in rival troupes; jealous authors; disgruntled poets; pedantic and bilious critics; indignant clergy, and the army of conservatives who never want to see changes in affairs. The company of the Hôtel de Bourgogne, the theatre of Molière's boyhood, was led by Montfleury, an actor of the old school, who disdained with all the bitterness of a discredited rival this new troupe "from the provinces." Great were the efforts to maintain the easy supremacy hitherto enjoyed. In vain Montfleury ranted and Brécourt shouted himself into an apoplectic fit to please the public. The former broke a blood-vessel and died in the service of Art, but not until he had done Molière all the harm possible by circulating unspeakable slanders about him. At one time, through the machinations of Montfleury, the Théâtre Petit Bourbon was let for other purposes with no notice to the company, who found it dismantled when they assembled for rehearsal. While this injustice was being rectified by the King, Molière played at private houses, both in Paris and elsewhere, and many of the stately chateaux in the Midi still show the courtyard or the Salle where the Troupe du Roi presented "l'Amphytrion" or "Les Amants Magnifiques," and where the Muse was doubtless as comfortably housed as in her city home.

Although stage mechanism had improved in some respects since the days of the Miracle Plays, the environment of the play was still unquestionably primitive. There was little attempt at stage setting. As the servants of the King, the actors were expected to follow the court; therefore the scenes were painted upon rolls of canvas so as to be easily transported. The stage area was restricted; sometimes but twelve by fifteen feet with entrance only at the back. Spectators invaded the stage and stood like a double hedge, between which there was small place for the artists and their art. It was not until late in the eighteenth century that the players had the boards to themselves. Unity of place was imperative, any change of scene being had with the greatest difficulty. In a play called "Brutus," where the scene was laid first at the Capitol and afterwards at the house of the Consul, the only change of scene setting was to take away an altar from the middle of the stage. In Molière's theatre there was almost no effort to dress the parts appropriately. The costumes were made to do double duty. Hector might appear in a cuirass and classic buskin, topped by the long, curled wig of the seventeenth century. If the action called for a helmet, it went on over the wig. Apollo was seen in a velvet coat and lace ruffles, with a tin plate fastened on behind his head to denote his divinity. Helmets were the fad for all occasions. In one of Rotron's tragedies, a Christian martyr is found praying before the Emperor Diocletian, wearing a brass helmet ornamented with three gorgeous red plumes. In simple acceptance of these anachronisms the people wept and laughed and applauded with all the entrain of a modern audience. The

Act I. Sir Percy ("The Scarlet Pimpernel") escaping from Paris disguised as an old hag

SCENE IN "THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL," A DRAMA OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION, SEEN AT THE KNICKERBOCKER THEATRE

Moffett

MARY MANNERING IN "A MAN'S WORLD"

faculty of hyper-criticism was yet unborn. Stage illumination also left much to be desired. Candles in tin sconces were the only aids to vision and being placed in the rear of the stage left the actors' faces a dead black. Later, luxury went so far that a chandelier holding four candles was suspended over the middle of the stage; when they required snuffing, any player who had a blank in his lines let down the illumination by a rope, from a pulley in the wall, and the nearest actor obligingly used his finger and thumb. Sometimes the author himself snuffed the candles; but during the later years of Molière's management, there were two official snuffers appointed, one to attend to the front of the theatre and the other to the back. Their emolument consisted in collecting, for their own use, the candle ends remaining after the performance.

The theatre was not only badly lighted but badly seated; the boxes were too far off, the benches were uncomfortable and the spectators in the pit stood up. The rôles of old women were taken by men, because the ladies of the company refused to play mother to sons who made them appear over forty. Playbills were red for the Hôtel Bourgogne; green for Molière's Theatre, and yellow for the opera. The names of actors were not printed upon the bills until 1787. A flute and two violins constituted the ordinary orchestra; there were never more than six instruments. Doors were open at one o'clock in the afternoon; the curtain rose at two. It was half a century later than Molière's time when theatrical performances began to occupy the evening hours. The price of admission was ten cents; boxes and reserved seats double. There seems to have been trouble at various times about the payment of entrance fees. All the gentlemen of the King's household claimed free admittance and as there were several hundred of them and they came to every performance, the outlook was not financially encouraging. Molière appealed from this difficulty to the King, who settled as usual in favor of the theatre.

The habit of wearing a sword led to innumerable broils, in which lackeys, actors, soldiers and courtiers were indistinguishably mixed. An old affiche, dated 1684, signed by Colbert and quoted in Despois' "Theatre under Louis XIV," forbids persons to assemble in groups and talk in the corridors of the theatre and especially to draw their swords, *"under pain of death."* In spite of the sanguinary penalty for violation of this command, peace was by no means assured, for we read of a riot between the employees of the theatre and the musketeers, when the house was filled with darkness and uproar, the play stopped and a porter killed.

One Friday there was no performance, owing to a failure of the management to settle with the bill poster; this was at a time when Molière was expecting a promised salary from the King's brother, whose absent-mindedness in money matters left the company in the same financial straits as the bill poster.

The hiss was heard for the first time in the history of the theatre at the presentation of a tragedy of Corneille's in 1688. No longer allowed to shout profane censure or to draw threatening swords as expressions of dissatisfaction, the public invented the hiss. It was perhaps an advance over the baked apples and other missiles which Molière's company had received from hostile audiences in the provinces. The habit grew with the growth of that critical taste which the higher drama of Racine, Corneille and Molière had evoked. Their successors suffered grievously from it. In the prologue to "Le Grondeur" the poor author begs relief from it. He says: "Your hisses drive my company to despair; either be more indulgent to us or bring Molière back to life again."

These studies of the material limitations of the drama, well explain the barrenness of Molière's *mise en scène* and the frugality of dramatic action. He seems not to have missed the freedom which later customs established and made almost no effort to bring about innovations. Material regulations were nothing to Molière; his revolutionary tendencies were all for subjective things, and, having once set aside the old order of dramatic procedure, he left details of costume and scenery to the restrictions of the unities of time and place. He did, it is true, satirize the busybodies who interfered during rehearsal by standing about and asking silly questions; and he objected distinctly to a large Danish hound which, at the heels of a certain marquis, invaded the stage during public performance, tripping up the players both literally and figuratively. But these objections seem to have been founded in a feeling of personal annoyance rather than in an outraged æsthetic *(Continued on page x)*

Moffett

JANE COWL NOW IN "THE GAMBLERS"

Sarony

MABEL FRENYEAR WITH W. H. CRANE

Moffett

ELSIE JANIS AS PRINCESS KALORA IN HENRY BLOSSOM'S AND LESLIE STUART'S NEW COMIC OPERA "THE SLIM PRINCESS"

Copyright Branger, Paris Golaud (M. Jean Durozat) asks Mélisande (Georgette Leblanc) if Pélléas is her lover

SCENE IN "PELLEAS ET MELISANDE" PRESENTED IN THE ANCIENT HALLS OF SAINT WANDRILLE, NORMANDY

"Pelleas et Melisande" Acted with Unusual Settings

AT his medieval home the old Abbey of St. Wandrille, near Rouen, before a handful of privileged guests, Maurice Maeterlinck recently gave a remarkable performance of his poetic tragedy, "Pélléas et Mélisande." Not long ago the eminent Belgian poet gave at the same place a performance of "Macbeth," which was perhaps unique in this respect, that the apartments and grounds of the Abbey formed the different settings, and the spectators had to go from room to room and upstairs and down as the action progressed. In the production of "Pélléas et Mélisande" the same idea was carried out. "The poet," says the Paris correspondent of the New York *World*, "owes to his wife, the beautiful Georgette Leblanc, the perfect visualizing of his pathetic love story, which is poetry itself—a pure flower struggling through the mire of human wickedness and attaining its perfection in its death." The same writer goes on to say:

"In the interpretation which Mme. Leblanc offered that select company of thirty who were privileged to see that marvelous performance, she removed the piece wholly from the limits of stage convention to place the sequence of this gentle tragedy in the halls and gardens of the famous old ruin, so newly restored, in order that the sense of the players' art might be lost behind the mask of life. Real people moved through the form and stateliness of those spacious chambers. The Abbey became the fitting palace of a king. The tender impulse which drew Pélléas and Mélisande as unconsciously, as irresistibly into the dream-world of love, grew in a garden intoxicated with romance. The fountain in which they trailed their fingers bubbled over stones centuries old. The tower from which the girl, full of the ecstasy she does not understand, looks out to surprise Pélléas below, had been a watcher over generations of lovers. And the vaulted arches which beheld the shame of the young wife when Golaud, the jealous husband, not only opens her eyes to her love for Pélléas, but heaps brutality upon the purity in which he cannot believe, gave back in their massive stolidity an echo of the savage strength and implacable cruelty against which her childlike innocence must appeal in vain.

"From place to place in the old Abbey the audience moved with the players, but Mme. Leblanc had so arranged that they made part of the picture. Her prompt book was full of the suggestions which the rehearsals brought. Her mind was concerned with the minutest details of the story she was weaving into these walls

dark with the stains of Time. Among her memoranda were the following:

"'For the audience a stone bench with five seats and three rustic benches of seven seats each—twenty-six seats in all.

"'I change costume in the carpenter's barn during this scene. The procession forms there. Golaud is on horseback. The hounds. Two seats on the terrace. Repaint the two doors.

"'Pélléas and I enter the basement. I find there a looking-glass and the necessary changes—Idea of the flowers—Place a large stone on the edge of the pond. I know where the one I want is.'

"The drama has a Francesca da Rimini flavor with the darker significance of sin left out, and only the unsullied love of this pair standing on the verge of manhood and womanhood, and joining hands with the unconscious, undreaming adoration of childhood.

"Mélisande, a youthful princess, has drifted into the family of the old king to be given formally in marriage to Golaud, the elder son. She sighs plaintively that she is not happy, but forgets her heart weariness in the companionship of Pélléas, the young brother of Golaud. The husband stands in the story as the embodiment of evil passions. His jealousy is the persecution and the awakening of the lovers. When Pélléas in his avowal of love and farewell to Mélisande presses her in his arms, he is transfixed by the sword of Golaud.

"Mme. Leblanc made the death scene of the tortured child infinitely touching. Golaud, leaning over the dying girl, plies her with questions, trying to force an admission of guilt and receiving only the answer of a pure soul.

"All indication of stageland was gone. The heavy canopies of the bed, the malignant figure of Golaud, the voice of Mélisande trailing away in the weakness of approaching dissolution, the echoing footsteps in the great stone chamber were all an immediate, acute reality. Mme. Leblanc had literally breathed the tale of love and death into the old Abbey, so that the telling of it through the acting seemed nature itself."

Copyright Branger, Paris
GOLAUD ILL-TREATS MELISANDE

Copyright Branger MELISANDE IN THE GARDEN

MAURICE MAETERLINCK, MYSTIC

Dream on, O dreamer of that mystic world
Where rainbow-tinted tears of Sorrow gleam;
And Joy's rare gifts, and Passion's colored fire
Soft mingle in the glamor of Love's dream.

Sing on, O sweetest singer of that realm
Where Music's lips touch Pity's, all afire,—
Thy songs, thy dreams and rich imaginings
Shall lure us to thy Land of Soul's Desire!

LITTELL MCCLUNG.

White — FRANCES RING
Who plays Fannie Jasper in "Get Rich Quick Wallingford" at the Gaiety Theatre

White — DOROTHY TENNANT
Recently seen as Helen in "Miss Patsy" at Nazimova's 39th Street Theatre

Bangs — NELLA BERGEN
Appearing as Leska in "He Came from Milwaukee" at the Casino Theatre

Are the Playwrights Writing Themselves Out?

THE life of the modern playwright may be divided into three periods: ambition resulting in his first success, opulence resulting from the value of his name as an asset, and laziness, which seems to be inevitable after the wolf has been driven back from the door and royalties come regularly with the mail bag. It has become the fashion to look askance at the first work of a playwright and to doubt his abilities until he has proved them. After his undeniable success, they move closer to him and whisper: "go slowly." When he has four or five plays paying him royalties, and settles back in his easy chair for a season of comfort, they moan that "he has written himself out." Thus they said that Clyde Fitch had written himself out, whenever he produced a play that did not catch the popular ear and fancy. They say George Ade has written himself out, because he has vowed not to write another musical comedy, and prefers farming to rehearsals. Eugene Walter, who had a somewhat turbulent life before writing "Paid in Full," bought a home, motor cars, and other luxuries, and proceeded to enjoy himself. "He wrote three or four plays, but he is written out," sneered the critics when "Just a Wife" failed to repeat the success of earlier work. To Avery Hopwood, author of "Clothes" and "Seven Days," warning friends whisper: "You are working too fast," when they read that he has four plays for production this winter. Maugham, of London, wrote five comedies in a hurry, and has paused. They repeat the same explanation. He overworked his brain! Sir Arthur Pinero is suddenly to the front with the declaration that one play a year is enough for the literary worker. Edmond Rostand took nine years for "Chantecler."

But as the comedian would retort: "It was not ever thus."

The playwriting giants of old set a lively pace for modern writers to follow, and there's no denying that they are falling behind. All good work for the stage has not been produced at the snail's pace, nor have the writers of great plays deemed it advisable or necessary to retire on their laurels. For this reason it is a reflection upon the brains and the capacity for work of the modern generation to counsel against speed or to insinuate that the modern writer is incapable of more than a dozen plays in a life of labor.

To say that George Ade has written himself out is an admission that he is unworthy of the laurel wreath placed upon his head by millions of admirers. Hopwood, Maugham, Walter, Sheldon, Hurlbut, and some of the other energetic writers of the moment are on the right track, and three or four plays a year will not hurt them. It is their business to write plays, and the world demands nothing else from them.

Pinero is now paying the penalty of knighthood, and would doubtless argue that his social obligations consumed much of his time. But there is always the example of Molière in such cases; Molière, who for years was in the midst of the king's revels, a pampered favorite of the court, yet he managed to write comedies between meals that survive as classics of French literature. There is also Voltaire, who was more than a court favorite. Kings begged for his company, fair ladies fought for his presence at their courts and salons. He waged political and religious wars, dabbled in science, flooded the streets with pamphlets, and was a practical historian, but he found time to write plays that survive the centuries.

Augustus Thomas writes one play or sometimes two plays a year. His friends say that he devotes much time to politics, time that might otherwise be consumed in playwriting. Compare him to that old lion of the North, the late Björnsterne Björnson, who played bigger politics for thirty years than Thomas has dreamed of, yet who wrote plays with a facility that

Observations of a Chorus Girl

Many a wrinkle hides behind the limelight.

A soft answer turneth away wrath, but a bold front signs a contract.

One girl at the stage door is worth ten in the ensemble.

Who begins amiss ends a miss—if she is a school teacher.

A professional beauty is a battleground of Art and Nature.

Many a box of rouge is born to blush under false pretenses.

Some actors get a large salary—when they get it.

Beauty is a good letter of introduction—provided one can get past the office boy.

A dinner of butter cakes on Broadway is better than the fatted calf on a one-night stand.

A good press agent is better than great merit.

If wishes were angels, every show girl would be a star.

Every wrinkle in a star's face foretells a benefit.

All things come to him who waits—but not in the manager's office.

There's many a slip 'twixt the ring and the millionaire.

A cat may look at a king, but the property man must be handled with gloves.

Musical comedy is the hash of Art.

Blushing is virtue's color, but rouge is inexpensive.

Better a house full of muttonheads than a scanty collection of highbrows.

A burlesque is an old ladies' home for incurable jokes.

LESLIE CURTIS.

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THE BANQUETING HALL—WOLSEY'S PALACE AT YORK PLACE

A magnificent scene, in which is seen a group of morris dancers whom the great cardinal, seen in the background, has in to amuse his guests; at the extreme left of the picture is seen Anne Bullen, so soon to attain a temporary and tragic greatness. The hall in the late Tudor Gothic style, with its fan-roofed ceiling; the stone walls, of which the lower portions are hung with woven fabrics of velvet and gold; the black velvet chairs trimmed with green fringe and embroidered with the Cardinal's hat—all these set off by the flashing radiance of color introduced by the revelers, who come in to grace the banquet, form a color-scheme of rose, red, and green, with the Cardinal himself, representing the apex, as it were, or centre, as a point of vivid scarlet. This, says the London *Daily Telegraph*, is assuredly one of the most brilliant stage pictures ever presented to a modern audience

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BLUFF KING HAL CONFRONTS THE CARDINAL IN THE COUNCIL CHAMBER

In the centre is Mr. Arthur Bourchier, the most perfect presentment of Henry VIII ever seen on the stage; on the throne is Miss Violet Vanbrugh as Queen Katharine, while on the left is Sir Herbert Tree as Cardinal Wolsey

SCENES IN BEERBOHM TREE'S MAGNIFICENT PAGEANT "HENRY VIII" RECENTLY PRESENTED AT HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE, LONDON

shames his contemporaries. Also Strindberg, of Sweden, who, after a busy day grinding out editorials for the newspapers, delivers a political address, then sits down and writes the vitriolic tragedies that cause the capers of the little society dramas of the day to look like the proverbial sixpence.

Tom Taylor, to whom we are indebted for a score of plays, including "Our American Cousin," "The Overland Route" and "Anne Boleyn," was editor of *Punch*, a spacious contributor to the same periodical, a biographer and historian and man of affairs, yet he did not write himself out.

Alexandre Dumas, père, left over a hundred volumes as the product of his busy pen, yet he found time to write plays, and Alexandre Dumas, fils, wrote "Camille" in less than a month, because he was warned that a pirated adaptation of his novel was to be given to the theatre. Yet none will say that "Camille," as a play, is not the equal of "The Sultan of Sulu," "The Easiest Way," or "Alias Jimmy Valentine."

M. FREDERIC GERARD
Distinguished French violinist, who has had great success in Paris, and will probably be heard soon in America

Shakespeare wrote thirty-seven of the greatest dramas the world has ever had, 154 sonnets and numerous poems, all in the space of at most twenty-five years. Rembrandt painted 550 pictures, and didn't paint himself out. Miles of canvas attributed to Rubens are scattered through the European museums. One gallery has 1,132 paintings from the brush of Gustave Moreau.

Bulwer wrote "The Lady of Lyons" on a rush order to cover up a failure. In addition to his colossal musical compositions, Richard Wagner produced many libretti, essays, and many volumes of musical criticism, yet he did not write himself out, and his later work, such as "Tristan" and "Parsifal" will forever bear comparison with the product of other men.

One of the giants of old was Dion Boucicault, who wrote over 400 dramas in forty-nine years, but he didn't dodge his social obligations, of which one hears so much at present. He was also an actor, lecturer, theatrical manager, the head of a dramatic school, and a voluminous reader. At the age of nineteen he wrote "London Assurance" in thirty days, and after that quickened his pace as the years passed, so that there is one instance at least, fully authenticated, in which he wrote a complete drama in forty-eight hours, supporting himself during the unnatural vigil on deep draughts of tea.

It may be argued against the prolific writers that their work, while pleasing the fancy of the moment, is not likely to endure. One would willingly exchange the 400 plays of Boucicault for one tragedy of the immortal William of Avon, but so far as that argument is concerned, it is easy to retort that few, if any, of our one-play-a-year dramatists are producing work that is likely to be alive a hundred years hence. People marvel, or pretend to do so, at the collected list of plays by Clyde Fitch, showing 66 titles. Compare this to the 300 titles of the author of "Montezuma." Maurice Jokai was credited with 600 books at the time of his death.

The prince of all the writing wonders, however, was Lope de Vega Carpio, a contemporary of Cervantes and Shakespeare, who is credited with over 2,000 original dramas, yet it appears that playwriting was only one of the activities of his unusual life. He was a soldier, had two wives, with whom he lived in discord, and then became a priest, attending to his holy office during a period covering several years. He wrote plays at the rate of forty-four a year for many years, and, by critics of the Spanish drama, his work is still praised for its "richness of invention, vivacity of dialogue and variety of ideas," any quality of which is enough to distinguish a playwright to-day.

All of which is rambling proof from the centuries that great writers of plays do not write themselves out, and there is no danger that they will do so, even admitting that great playwrights are alive to-day.

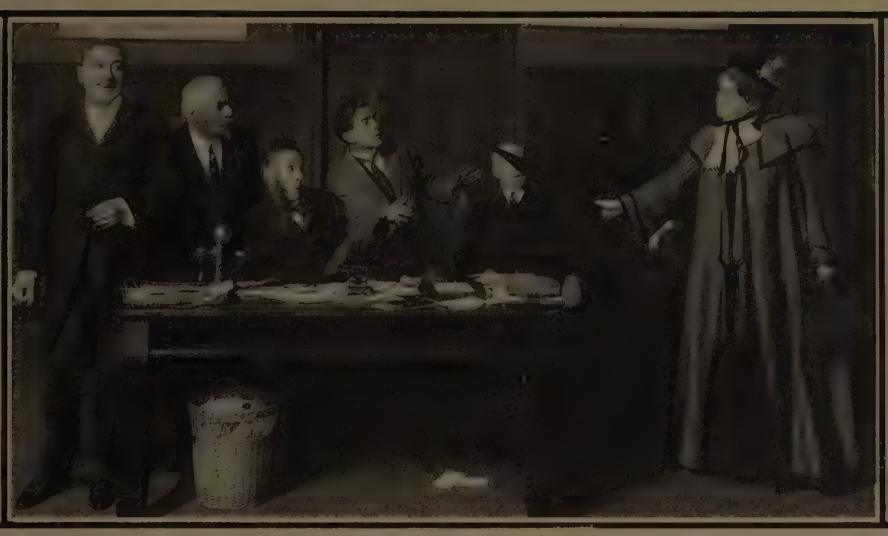
ARCHIE BELL.

Sykes
WILLIAM B. MACK
Appearing in "The Gamblers" at Maxine Elliott's Theatre

Sarony
GEORGIA O'RAMEY
Seen as Kit McNair in "Seven Days" recently at the Astor Theatre

Moffett
H. B. WARNER
Who made a hit in the title rôle of "Alias Jimmy Valentine"

CHRISTINE NORMAN
In "The Aviator"



SCENE IN "THE NAKED TRUTH"
From left—H. E. Dixey, Herbert Standing, Spottiswoode Aitken, Frederick Harch, W. J. Holden, Lillian Dix

ALEXANDER CARR
In "The Sweetest Girl in Paris"

New Plays in Chicago

HENRY E. DIXEY is appearing at the Cort Theatre, Chicago, in "The Naked Truth," a farce-comedy billed as a moral lesson in three acts written by George Paston and Americanized by W. B. Maxwell. The play contains an unusually telling rôle for the star, illumined by his usual bland manner, and it tells the story in a swiftly-moving way with many deft touches of satire of one Bernard Darrell who, hitherto suavely politic, having thrust a ring on his finger which he does not suspect is the mystic talisman of Onagra, the goddess of plain speech, henceforth proceeds to tell the brutal truth on all occasions. The truth unvarnished, redolent with wisdom as it is, drives his friends fleeing from him in consternation. He tells the plain truth to his fiancée, to his mother, to his old fool of an uncle, to the married woman who pursues him, to his more or less commercially unscrupulous partners, with the result that he is suspected of having sunk into a state of chronic cerebral irritation with a clot near the medulla oblongata. To his intense relief a student of the love literature of the Orient identifies the ring as the talisman of Truth and removes it by a secret spring from his finger. Whereupon with lightning-like reaction he bounds again into his usual suave diplomatic manner of speech with an exquisite choice of words which promptly draws about him again his terrified friends. The ring is dropped into the bottom of a well. Mr. Dixey is supported by a cast of the following players: Herbert Standing, Spottiswoode Aitken, Kenneth Davenport, Frederick Harch, W. J. Holden, Donald MacGregor, Marie Nordstrom, Ruth Shepley, Isabel West, Dorothy Davies, Lillian Dix, Blanche Bryant and Marie Pert.

"Sure fire entertainment, a laugh for every minute, delightful from end to end" is the consensus of critical opinion of "The Aviator," a farce-comedy in four acts by James Montgomery, which started on a long career at the Chicago Olympic, on October 16. Its story is concise, fresh, wholesome. It unfolds the romance of an imaginative young man named Street who has written a book called "The Aviator." Retiring to an hotel at Lenox for a rest, he is made a hero by the guests under the supposition that the graphic details of his written romance of flying were an actual experience. A skilled aviator arrives with two aeroplanes and challenges him to a race in the air. Having fallen in love with one of the hotel guests, Miss Douglas, who in turn adores Street for his supposed courage and daring as a bird-man, he finds himself in the predicament of being forced to accept the challenge of the Frenchman, "knowing no more about an aeroplane than an Esquimaux baby." Coached by an expert aeroplane mechanic the pretended aviator plunges into a study of the science and is taught to fly in his own room. Torn between crushing fear and reckless bravado under the spur of the girl's love, Street mounts the machine and plunges into the air. An imitation of the famous Bleriot model is employed in the action and an actual flight upward is made from the stage. The illusion of a start-off is perfect. The hero makes a record run in the Berkshire valley and descends to earth unharmed. The rôle of the bird-man is created by Wallace Eddinger with skill and understanding and he is ably assisted by Robert Conness, Jack Devereaux, Frank Currier, Frederick Paulding, Sam Reed, Edward Begley and Christine Norman.

WALLACE EDDINGER IN "THE AVIATOR"

Now in its third month, "The Sweetest Girl in Paris," at the new La Salle Opera House, is still holding its own. The story, called "a fable-play with fourteen haunting songs" was evolved by Addison Burkhardt, and concerns the romance of one Cobosso, an Italian tenor who has lost his voice, and his infatuation for a pretty American student, Mary Blake. The lyrics by Collin Davis, music by Joseph E. Howard, stage management by Gus Sohlke, and an admirable cast including Alexander Carr as Cobosso, Alice Yorke as Mary Blake, Trixie Friganza as a rich American widow, John E. Young as Armstrong, Zoe Barnett as an American girl, Cathryn Rowe Palmer as a slavey, combine to make the show a success.

With sophisticated directness "The Deep Purple," a melodrama in four acts by Paul Armstrong and Wilson Mizner, produced October 3 at the Princess Theatre, deals with night life in a great city. Its chief purpose seems to be a pictorial, though occasionally farcical exposition of how the blackmailing scheme, known among crooks as the badger game, is worked in the seething subcurrent of the metropolis. The types employed in the exposition of this lurid bit of entertainment are artistically realized by Richard Bennett, Ada Dwyer, Emmett Corrigan, Mabel Morrison, Jameson Lee Finney, W. J. Ferguson and other well-known players.

L. F. P.

To the Readers of the THEATRE MAGAZINE

¶ It gives me great pleasure to introduce myself to you under the auspices of the *Theatre Magazine,* which has done me the honor to select me as its European representative, with instructions to keep its thousands of readers fully informed regarding the artistic and society activities of the Old World.

¶ It will be my duty to interest those among you of both sexes who have not the opportunity to take the annual trip to Europe. I am also to serve as a guide to those more fortunate ones who are accustomed each year to go to Paris, to delight their eyes with every new product in the domain of art. By this I mean that I shall conduct you, quite impartially, through the by-ways of Art and Fashion of which Paris is the incontestable centre.

¶ Each time that opportunity permits and thanks to invaluable co-operation which I have secured, I shall draw your attention to events likely to be of interest to you, always confining myself, however, to the artistic life of which this continent is the cradle.

¶ There is no city in the world where are assembled, like in a hot house filled with rare plants, so many specialists whose rôle consists in beautifying, from the head to the feet, what is really the most exquisite work of the Creator and which may be resumed in two words: *"Eve-Paradise."*

¶ The Greeks, commencing with Phidias, left us, from the sculptor's point of view, incomparable masterpieces; then the Flemings and the Italians of the Renaissance painted in glowing colors unforgettable types, costumed in the garments of the Period. Far from me the thought of attempting to re-write the history of feminine costume through the centuries; my rôle will be limited to the penning of a critical review on what concerns feminine fashions, from the modern point of view.

¶ As I was saying, Paris, the city of every elegance, is the brain in which are conceived the multiple manifestations about everything concerning Woman. Is it not a fact that to render themselves beautiful women come to the French capital from every corner of the globe? Whether it concerns *objets d'art* or paintings for collectors; or gowns, hats, perfumes or jewelry for the fair sex, it is old Lutetia which serves as a storehouse to supply all these demands.

¶ It is precisely because of this *embarras de richesses* that my task becomes difficult. I must not allow myself to be dazzled by this excess of luxury, but must select judiciously between the numerous dispensers of Parisian taste. Personalities must be ignored. Only the best interests of the readers of the *Theatre Magazine* must be considered. This will be my aim and I shall attain it by going behind the scenes, as it were, right and left like the retriever at the chase. By the medium of fine photographic plates I shall put before you the marvels which I select in these inexhaustible hunting grounds, and accompanying them will be a simple and concise description, thus permitting the readers of the *Theatre Magazine* to keep up to date regarding everything going on in the world of Fashion and Art.

¶ The sphere of my activities, as concerns Paris, will extend from the Louvre to the Opèra, from the rue de Rivoli to the Madeleine, passing by the Place Vendôme and the rue de la Paix—a zone which properly constitutes the very heart of the capital.

¶ In winter I shall go as far as the Riviera, with Nice as my base. Here each year all the aristocracy of Europe give themselves rendezvous. Nor shall I neglect the fashionable watering places nor the picturesque resorts so dear to the Anglo-Saxon race, always enamored of out-door sport.

¶ In brief, my monthly chronicles will be so many "intimate chats" which the hundred thousand readers of the *Theatre Magazine,* many of whom now make the yearly trip abroad, will find very useful before entering lightly into the labyrinth of European shopping.

¶ I shall try, gentle reader, to merit your approval and if, thanks to your kindness, I succeed I shall consider myself amply rewarded.

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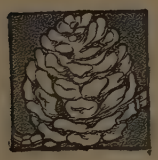

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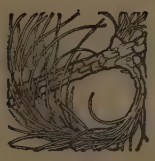

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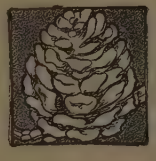

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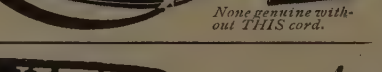

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MOLIERE

(*Continued from page 192*)

sense. Molière's artistic freedom was restricted by the King's taste for light opera. The ballet was in its glory and the argument of a play was commonly subordinated to the dance and music of the interlude. Convinced of the sublimity of his rôle and of his divine mission, Louis wished everything about him to contribute to the *éclat* of his throne. The theatre must typify the world at his feet. In "Le Malade Imaginaire," a chorus of shepherdesses proclaim that all future centuries will have no worthier privilege than to show forth the glory of Louis, the Mighty. In "Les Amants Magnifiques," Neptune recites how impossible it is to trace the image of Louis' splendor: no words are great enough to tell it. "Silence alone can praise his immortal virtues"; which is Neptune's way of hinting that the less said of Louis' "immortal virtues" the better.

The King loved dancing. This was in his early manhood, before infirmities had weakened him and poison robbed him of son and daughter-in-law, nephews, grandson and granddaughter-in-law—all the youth and hope of his reign—and left him a woeful and terrified old age. The fifteen years of Molière's career occupied the earliest and brightest period of Louis' reign, when the tinkle of music and verse pleased his boyish soul, and he wanted nothing of prose morality. He not only loved dancing, but he loved himself to dance, and his general education, which, according to St. Simon, had been greatly neglected, left nothing to be desired in this respect. His dancing master had received a salary of 2,000 livres a year: his writing master only 300: a good reason why the King should be more nimble with his legs than with his pen. He danced in Egyptian costume, in the ballet of "Le Mariage Forcé," when the delicious satire of the piece and its high comic spirit were entirely overshadowed by the royal gambols. This explains another difficulty of Molière's art. The King was in the habit of ordering a comedy, as he would a court suit, to be done on a certain day: he also ordered the quality of music to accompany it, as he did the trimmings on his doublet, and with far less judgment of its suitability. "Les Facheux" was produced to add to the *éclat* of the Fêtes des Vaux, and was ordered only two weeks before the great event. The "Princesse d'Elide" was so hurriedly prepared, in response to the King's desire, that the first act only of the five was written in verse: the others in prose. As Boileau expressed it—"the Muse had time to lace only one buskin." "L'Amour Medecin" was but five days in process of construction. All the plays are comedies of situation merely. There is no real plot, and the climax is sometimes forced. All show carelessness of construction and lack of finish. These are the hallmarks of hurry, and must no more be laid to Molière's perturbed genius than the mechanical defects of stage setting. His obligation was to be *first* a courtier, afterwards an author. When his royal master said "A comedy I must have day after to-morrow," Molière had but to bow and produce it.

We have heard a great deal of the glorious influence of the Bourbons and the Medicis upon the Arts and the sciences; how these Princes lent their royal encouragement to struggling writers and painters, and preserved to posterity the work of their minds and hands. We need not belittle this influence if we call attention to another phase of the question. From that far off time when the warmth of Louis' kingly favor forced into premature fruitage the buds of Molière's genius, down to our day when William of Germany hurries Robert Koch into unwilling and unseasonable disclosure of his remedy for consumption, the world of thought and research has been pestered by meddling busybodies with crowns on. Some day we shall have a book entitled "The Sorrowful and Pernicious Influence of Kings over Men of Genius," and then we shall have the whole of the story.

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Plays for Working Folk

The first of The New Theatre's East Side subscription performances was given Monday evening, October 10, when 2,000 working folk saw "The Blue Bird." They were charged from 10 to 50 cents per seat. The audience was a most enthusiastic one. The popularity of these performances is indicated by the fact that 40,000 applications were received for the 2,000 seats.

Children of "The Blue Bird"

(Continued from page 172)

Platt, as he tip-toed across the boards behind "The Palace of Night": "Back. Be more quiet; you're disturbing the scene."

"She says Water is better than Fire, and 'tisn't so," pouted a small boy who in the first scene plays a small loaf of bread.

"Well, well, don't fight over it," smiled Mr. Platt.

"Anyway, Water puts Fire out—yes it does!" protested a little star.

"I don't care, Fire's the very best one there," retorted the first speaker. "You'd just know he came down a chimney."

A few scenes later, while the curtain was up on "The Kingdom of the Future," I found a little chestnut-haired girl understudy, of perhaps eight years, standing inside the tormentor.

"Do you like this scene?" I ventured to ask.

"Ye-es, but he (meaning Maeterlinck) doesn't know anything about babies. When they're born, their clothes is all long and wrap their feet up, and they don't look like nothin' in particular. Those is big girls and boys, and got lots of hair. Baby brothers and sisters never come so! In the place where they keep 'em before they're born they don't look like that. I'd make this scene diff'rent if I had my say."

Nearly every youngster in the company criticised Sugar's costume. They said they had never in their lives seen any candy that looked like his fingers. Nor are the "kiddies" slow to appreciate the funny side of things. At every performance a group of them may be found eagerly listening for Water to say she can't get into the tap again.

"Oh, but ain't that a joke!" they exclaim, as Water, in the sylph-like form of Miss Gwendolyn Valentine, the symbolist danseuse, who has created a fine new effect in the dancing art, spills herself about the stage in an effort to get back into the tap in the first scene.

The army of small children appearing in "The Blue Bird"—the largest number of children ever assembled on a theatrical stage in a single production—are well cared for by the management. Not only do they have their own nursery and a matron and assistants to care for them, but their hours of rehearsals are restricted and they are sent to school save on matinée days. When rehearsals extend over the luncheon or dinner hour, wholesome food is served on long tables set in the roof-garden enclosure. Up on the roof the children play games and engage in wholesome frolics, and, in their own way they certainly do "have a rippin' time!" They have their own "Green Room," too. One need only to look at these small children to understand why the Blue Bird stands for happiness!

Now that "The Blue Bird" has moved to the Majestic Theatre, to make room for the regular repertoire season, the nursery and play-ground at The New Theatre, only a short distance away, are still kept for the children, and at the Majestic they also have their "Green Room," where their mammas wait for them after each evening performance.

Even though they are real actors and interpret symbolical characters, these "blue" children in the play are the same as other children; they are, in fact, just "kids!" But that the children are well and happy, each taught to be useful in his little sphere and to develop the reasoning faculties, at the same time having health and morals well guarded by a paternal management, should not be without significance at this time, when there is such widespread agitation over the question of factory child labor laws and stage children.

WENDELL PHILLIPS DODGE.

He Had to Learn

Jacob Wendell, Jr., who gives a wonderful performance of the Dog in Maeterlinck's "The Blue Bird" at The New Theatre, New York, was dining in a chop house recently when one of those unconscionable boors sat down opposite him. After growling at the waiters, complaining of the food and making himself generally obnoxious, he turned his attention to the actor.

"Ain't you Wendell, who plays the dawg in 'The Blue Bird?'" he inquired with a grin of pleased and sudden recognition.

Mr. Wendell modestly admitted that he was.

"I thought so," observed the other.

"Pretty fair bark you've got, too. But when it comes to playing a dawg, believe me, I have got you skinned a mile." Whereupon he emitted three barks and a whine that were really quite remarkable.

"Pretty good, eh?" he inquired.

"Excellent! quite excellent," replied the actor. "But you see I had to learn."

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Some New Books

CHANTECLER. Play in four acts by Edmond Rostand. Translated by Gertrude Hall. New York: Duffield and Company, 1910.

Here are 287 pages of bird-nature, with a fantastic prologue of ten pages. The action introduces Chantecler, Patou (the dog), the Peacock, the Blackbird, the Nightingale, the Grand-Duke (owl), the Screech-Owl, Little Scops, the Game-Cock, the Hunting Dog, a Carrier-Pigeon, the Woodpecker, the Turkey, the Duck, the Young Guinea-Cock, the Pheasant-Hen, the Guinea-Hen, the Old Hen, the White Hen, the Gray Hen, the Black Hen, the Speckled Hen, the Tufted Hen, a Gander, a Capon, Chickens, Chicks, a Cockerel, a Swan, a Cuckoo, Night-Birds, Fancy Cocks, Toads, a Turkey-Hen, a Goose, a Garden Warbler, a Woodland Warbler, a Spider, a Heron, a Pigeon, a Guinea-Pig, Barnyard Animals, Woodland Creatures, Rabbits, Birds, Bees, Cicadas, voices.

This assemblage of feathered bipeds, and still some, would seem to be sufficient for ordinary purposes; but in one scene, which is certainly amusing in the reading, and which should have a certain spectacular effectiveness in the performance, cocks of all kinds come on. Chantecler is to have the fight of his life; the Pheasant-Hen, with whom he is in love, is to cheer him in the combat with her presence. The Magpie introduces them, announcing them one by one: Cock Braekel or Campine! Cock Ramelslohe—of the Slate-blue Claw! The introduction of the Cocks is interspersed with exclamations and remarks:

THE PEACOCK (*in the Guinea-Hen's ear, while the startling Ramelslohe bows*): He is one of the most recent leucotites!

THE GUINEA-HEN (*blankly*): A leucotite—how interesting!

THE MAGPIE (*announcing in a louder and louder, more and more impressive voice*): Cock Wyandotte of the Sable Spur!

(*Shiver of emotion among the Hens.*)

THE GUINEA-HEN (*off her head with excitement*): Heavens and gracious powers—my son!

THE YOUNG GUINEA-COCK (*running to her*): Mamma!

THE GUINEA-HEN: Wyandotte! Cock Wyandotte!

THE PEACOCK (*with a fine carelessness*): Cock with strawberry coronet, product of Art Nouveau!

THE GUINEA-HEN (*to the newcomers, who are surrounded by astonished murmurs*): Strawberry coronet! Gentlemen——

THE YOUNG GUINEA-COCK (*who has gone to take a look inside*): Mamma!

THE GUINEA-HEN: So kindly condescending to honor my poor house——

THE YOUNG GUINEA-COCK: Mamma, there are still others coming!

THE MAGPIE: His lordship, the Cock——

THE GUINEA-HEN: Heavens, what Cock?

THE MAGPIE: Cock of Mesopotamia with the Double Comb!

THE GUINEA-HEN: Double! Oh!

(*Dashing to welcome the newcomer*) Charmed, charmed indeed!

THE PEACOCK: Out upon the obsolete! I wished to show you a few young gentlemen slightly superlative and veritably precious.

THE GUINEA-HEN (*returning to the Peacock*): How shall I thank you, Peacock, dear friend? (*To the Pheasant-Hen, patronizingly*) You will excuse me, I know, you charming little thing. You must understand, my dear, that his lordship the Cock of Mesopotamia has just arrived!

(*Running to the Cock, who bows his two combs*) A proud day for us! Charmed, delighted, enchanted!

MAGPIE: Cock d'Orpington of the Feather-ringed Eye!

THE GUINEA-HEN: Feather-ringed—oh!

THE BLACKBIRD: The plot thickens!

In addition we have the Bearded Cock of Varna, Rose-footed Scotch grey Cock, Cock with Goblet-shaped Comb, Blue Cock of Andalusia, Cock Langsham, Gold-penciled Hamburg Cock (whose wonderful waistcoat arouses the admiration of the Guinea-Hen), Cock of Burma, the Dutch Padua of Poland, the Gold Cock, the Silver Cock, Bagdad Cock, Bantam Cock with ruffles, Guelder Cock, Serpent-necked Cock, Dutch-sided Cock, Crow-billed Cock, Hawk-footed Cock, Crève Coeur Cock, Ptarmigan Cock, White Pile Game Cock, Negro Cock, Cock with Supernumerary toes, Naked-necked Cock, Japanese Cocks, Clump-backs or Tailless Cocks, Cock Walikikili, called Choki-kukullo, Pseudo-Chinese Cuculicolor, Blue Java, White Java (the Blackbird remarking, without shame: "Won't Java

have a cup o' coffee?"), Brahma Cock, Cochin Cock, Shankless Jumping-Cock, Ghoondook Cock, with Umbrella Topknot, Iberian Cock with Lint Side Whiskers, Cock Bans Backin or Fat Cheek of Thuringia and Yankee Cochin of Plymouth Rock.

One may be prepared to believe that Rostand knows birds. The play is replete with scientific information and poetry. That the action can hold it all in performance is an impossibility. The play has an action. It is simple enough. Chantecler believes himself to be the master of all destinies, inasmuch as the sun must await his bidding to arise and gladden and fructify the earth. After his victory in the combat, all a-weary, he forgets to sound his bugle, and realizes that his powers were imaginary. His love affair comes to a sad end, for the Pheasant-Hen, caught in a snare, becomes the captive of man. She is left alone, and, held down by the snare, with spread wings and panting breath, awaits the approach of the giant as the curtain falls. Audiences might lend themselves to the illusion of humanity in these birds, and Mr. Frohman, if he is in a position to simplify the action, regardless of the poetic sensibilities of Rostand, may achieve a success with "Chantecler" that is impossible with the unabridged original.

THE NIGGER. An American Play in Three Acts. By Edward Sheldon, New York. The Macmillan Company, 1910.

That he should have his play published ought to be a matter of course with every honest dramatist. The growing tendency toward publication is the best possible indication of honesty, independence and originality. It is true that many unpublished plays are not worth publishing; and by the same token a play that will not stand publication has no intrinsic value. These two sentences do not mean the same thing by any means. The publication of a really good acting play means permanency of life for it; while to keep it in manuscript form, for any sordid and yet shortsighted reason, insures its death sooner or later. The THEATRE MAGAZINE reviewed the play when it was produced at the New Theatre. It is not at all a great or significant play. It was written by a young writer of limited experience in life, and of as yet immature political and social philosophies, but as a piece for the theatre it reveals considerable skill, and gives promise of what he may do later.

HUSBAND and THE FORBIDDEN GUESTS. Two plays by John Corbin. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin Company, 1910.

Mrs. Anthony Herkimer Wayne wants companionship in a husband. On page 223 she confides to Sally Jones, her maiden sister, that she has thought the matter over and will compromise on children. She realized that she had made a mistake in thinking that she had found, in prospective, the right kind of companion in Lord Iffley, who, when the estates and highest rank of his family came to him, told her that marriage was impossible, but that a life of true love and close companionship was still open. Tony Wayne, the husband, is in danger for a while of assuming relations with Rebecca Levine, a Socialist who practices free love, and has thrown aside the father of her baby. Tony is running for office, and the East Side is about to go against him because of the scandal about his wife and Lord Iffley. But when the triumphal fireworks are set off, proclaiming Wayne's election, the red glow illumines the figures of the re-united Waynes. Assuming that the play will secure a production, we will not anticipate a discussion of its merits. In craftsmanship the play gives proof of technical capacity. The philosophy of the play is much obscured by a preface of twenty-seven pages. The habit of writing long prefaces to plays is a bad one, and we hope that Mr. Corbin will not acquire the habit. "The Forbidden Guests" is a tragedy in one act. A woman recently bereaved of her husband is visited by him and two of her unborn children, a girl and a boy. She is ill, and her heart is weak; the experience is too much for her. She had been wedded to two arts, painting and sculpture, and had refused to bear children. The rebuke is severe but merited.

JUSTICE. A tragedy in four acts. By John Galsworthy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1910.

Mr. Galsworthy believes that Society is very cruel and unjust, and gives us the story of two of its victims. Falder is a clerk in a lawyer's office. He has, beginning with sympathy, fallen in love with Ruth Honeywill, whose husband is a brute, and mistreats her and her two young children. To carry out a plan of eloping with her to Australia he raises the firm's check for a small amount, and after a trial, which is given at length with the arguments of the lawyers, he

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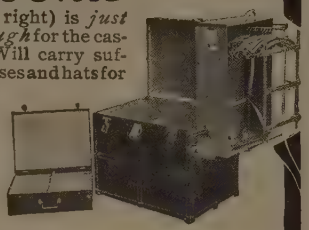

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"Born with the Republic"

is sent for two years to prison. The experience and effect of prison life, which robs men of manhood and spirit, is shown on the stage. Falder is released in due time, but finds himself unable to hold positions. The firm is about to take him back and give him another chance, when he is arrested again for not reporting on his ticket-of-leave, and for having forged a letter of recommendation. Ruth Honeywill still hopes to be able to get a divorce from her husband and live with Falder. She has been true to him in spirit, but her "employer happened—and has happened ever since." Falder throws himself from a window while in charge of the officer, and Ruth is left more hopeless than ever. Mr. Galsworthy means well.

MARY MAGDALENE. A play, in three acts, by Maurice Maeterlinck, translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company, 1910.

Maeterlinck, in a prefatory note to this volume, says: "I have borrowed from Mr. Paul Heyse's drama, 'Maria von Magdala,' the idea of two situations in my play, namely, at the end of the first act the intervention of Christ who stops the crowd raging against Mary Magdalene with these words, spoken behind the scenes: 'He that is without sin among you, let him cast the first stone'; and in the third, the dilemma in which the great sinner finds herself, of saving or destroying the Son of God, according as she consents or refuses to give herself to a Roman. Before setting to work, I asked the venerable German poet whom I hold in the highest esteem, for his permission to develop two situations, which, so to speak, were merely sketched in his play, with its incomparably richer plot than mine; and I offered to recognize his rights in whatever manner he thought proper. My respectful request was answered with a refusal, none too courteous, I regret to say, and almost threatening. From that moment I was bound to consider that the words from the Gospel quoted above are common property; and that the dilemma of which I speak is one of those which occur pretty frequently in dramatic literature. It seemed to me the more lawful to make use of it inasmuch as I had happened to imagine it in the fourth act of 'Joyzelle,' in the same year in which 'Maria von Magdala' was published and before I was able to become acquainted with that play. I will add that, excepting the principle of these two situations, in all that concerns the subject of the play, the conduct of the action, the persons, the characters, the evolution and the atmosphere, our two works have absolutely nothing in common not a phrase, not a cue of the one will be found in the other. Having said this, I am happy to express to the aged master my gratitude for an intellectual benefit which is none the less great for being involuntary."

If we regard what Maeterlinck says in his preface as in the nature of controversy, we are inclined to think that Heyse has the best of him. Maeterlinck is a man of too much individuality not to stamp anything that he may write as his own. As a piece for the theatre Heyse's play is more theatrical and perhaps more effective. In outline the plays are almost identical. Maeterlinck's treatment is his own. The influence of his impressionistic method is marked. Nearly the whole of the first act is in the nature of story. Preceding events are described and discussed. It is not wholly undramatic, in the circumstances, but we doubt its effectiveness on the stage. We doubt if, in performance, many of these Biblical characters will stand out individualized. The material, principal characters would be definite enough, but Joseph of Arimathæa, Andrew and Simon Zelotes, Nicodemus, Bartimaeus, Martha, Mary Cleophas, Salome, the wife of Zebee, and others would have scant dramatic life as identities. With this exception the play has a beautiful simplicity; but simplicity in general and in intent fails of its purpose when every part in a play is not made to stand out in performance as clearly as it does in the mind of the author and in the printed page. The rescue of Mary by the lifted voice of Christ is of the same quality and just as effectively dramatic as in the Heyse version. The one highly effective scene in the play is that one in the third act between Mary Magdalene and Lucius Verus, in which she refuses to listen to her lover and determines whom to follow. It remains to be seen whether Maeterlinck's treatment of the same story, simple, graphic and poetic, will prove more effective than the Heyse version.

Books Received

MEMORIES AND IMPRESSIONS OF HELENA MODJESKA. An autobiography. Illustrated. Cloth. 571 pp. $4.00 net. New York: The Macmillan Company.

JUDITH. A tragedy in five acts by Martin Schutz. 306 pp. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

THE HOUSE OF BONDAGE. By Reginald Knight Kaufman. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company.

THE SPENDTHRIFT. By Porter Emerson Browne. Novelized from the play by Edward Marshall. Illustrated. New York: G. W. Dillingham Company.

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Queries Answered

The editor will endeavor to answer all reasonable questions. As our space is limited, no correspondent may ask more than three questions. Absolutely no addresses furnished. These and other queries connected with players' purely personal affairs will be ignored henceforth.

Q.—Where was Julia Marlowe born? A.—In Calbeck, Cumberlandshire, England. Q.—Will she be seen in New York this winter? A.—Yes, as Lady Macbeth.

Q.—What is the average weekly income for a good vaudeville act? A.—This is entirely an arrangement between the owner of the act and the producer. Q.—How are vaudeville acts booked? A. Usually through agents.

M. L. H., Chicago.—Q.—Where can I obtain the biography of Maude Adams in book form? A.—From the publishers, The Theatre Magazine Co., 8 West 38th Street, New York.

M. Olson, Leroy.—To procure an engagement on the stage we suggest that you apply to the managers of productions or to theatrical agencies.

P. M., Philadelphia.—Q.—In what number of your magazine appeared scenes from the recent revival of "The Mikado"? A.—In July, 1910.

S. L., Cleveland.—Q.—In what issues of the THEATRE were scenes from "The Nigger" and "The City" published, and where may I purchase same? A.—"The Nigger" in January and "The City" in February, 1910. These numbers may be purchased at the offices of this magazine, 8 West 38th Street, New York.

D. H. C., Pierre.—Q.—Will Frederick Warde be seen on the stage this Winter and in what will he appear? A.—It has been announced that Frederick Warde will return to the stage some time this winter for a limited period, in a special version of Shakespeare's tragedy "Timon of Athens." Q.—Whom do you consider the greatest Shakespearian actor? A.—For obvious reasons we cannot make comparisons in this column. Q.—Has an aspirant for the stage better chances if graduated from a dramatic school? A.—Certainly.

E. Perry, Seattle, Wash.—Q.—When did Pauline Perry begin her stage career and have you published her portrait? A.—We are unable to tell you. We have never published her photograph.

G. S., Place, Wisc.—Did Margaret Illington appear in "The Lion and the Mouse"? A.—Yes, in the year 1906. Q.—In what plays did she appear in the years 1905, '06 and '07? A.—"Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots" in 1905; "The Lion and the Mouse" in 1906; "His House in Order" in 1906, and "The Thief" in 1907.

Constant Reader.—Q.—Kindly give me the cast which presented "The Merry Widow" for the first time in America. A.—As presented at the New Amsterdam Theatre the cast was as follows: Popoff, R. E. Graham; Natalie, Lois Ewell; Prince Danilo, Donald Brian; Sonia, Ethel Jackson; Camille DeJolidon, William C. Weedon; Marquis Cascada, Walter C. Wilson; Raoul, Charles Meakins; Khadja, Harry Hyde; Malitza, Margaret Dalrymple; Nova Kovich, F. J. McCarthy; Olga, Frances Cameron; Nish, Fred Frear; Praskovia, Blanche Rice; Little Willie, Harry Meyers; An Englishman, Ralph Whiting; Head Waiter, Gerald Lane; Orchestra Leader at Maxim's, Nicholas Szabo; Zo-Zo, Frances Cameron; Fi-Fi, Eva Bennett.

E. M. Person, Washington.—Q.—Where may I obtain a picture of Miss Violet Vivien, and have you ever published an article on the Ben Greet Players? A.—A portrait of Miss Vivien appeared in the December, 1908, number of the THEATRE; in the same number will be found an article on Mr. Greet's company of pastoral players.

Fischer, Ill.—Q.—In what issues have you reviewed "The Fortune Hunter" and "The Commuters"? A.—In October, 1909, and September, 1910, respectively.

"A Subscriber."—Q.—Can you give me the cast of "My Man," and when will this play be seen in New York? A.—Following is the cast of "My Man," which was produced at the Bijou Theatre, New York, on September 27th, last, but played only a brief engagement: Teddy, Addie Frank; Lizzie, Anna Wynne; Edith, Mary Carter; Jim Roberts, Robert Drouet; Mabel, Anne Sutherland; Jordan, Campbell Gollan; Bill, George Spelvin; Bert, a rural postman, John Beck.

M. Young, Ala.—Q.—Who dramatized "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and also "Editha's Burglar"? A.—The author, Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, dramatized "Little Lord Fauntleroy." "Editha's Burglar" is the work of Augustus Thomas.

A Reader.—Q.—When and where will Maude Adams' tour begin this season? A.—Some time in January Miss Adams will be seen at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, in the leading rôle in Rostand's fantastic play "Chantecler." Q.—Have you published an interview with her? A.—Not an interview, but an elaborate sketch of her private life appeared in September, 1908. Q.—Have you published portraits of her in "The Little Minister"? A.—See our colored cover for February, 1905.

G. C.—To reach a player by letter you must write to the management under which the actor appears, or to the theatre where he is acting.

Blanche F. Q.—Can you tell me in what Chrystal Herne is appearing? A.—She was seen recently in "Diplomacy" at Maxine Elliott's Theatre.

A. J. V.—Have you published a review or scenes from "Alias Jimmy Valentine"? A.—Scenes from the play appeared in February, 1910, and a review in the March issue.

J. T. H.—Q.—In what numbers appeared scenes from "The Midnight Sons"? A.—In July, 1909.

M. W. Q.—Where was H. B. Warner born? A.—In London, England. Q.—Kindly give, as nearly as you can, the names of the plays in which he has appeared? A.—He made his stage debut in "It's Never Too Late to Mend." He then appeared in "The Musketeers." Next he was seen in "The Rebels"; then in "The Absent-Minded Beggar," "English Nell" and "Peg Woffington." He played leading juvenile rôles with Arthur Bourchier, in repertoire; after this he appeared with Beerbohm Tree, creating the rôle of Lord Raoul Ardale in "The Last of the Dandies," and then he became leading man for Sir Charles Wyndham. His first appearance in America was in "Merely Mary Ann," followed by "In a Balcony." Then came "Nurse Marjorie," "Susan in Search of a Husband," "A Tenement Tragedy," "The Girl Who Has Everything," "Salomy Jane" and "Alias Jimmy Valentine."

A Constant Reader.—Q.—Can you give me the names of two good dramatic schools? A.—Consult our advertising columns for the names and addresses of schools of acting.

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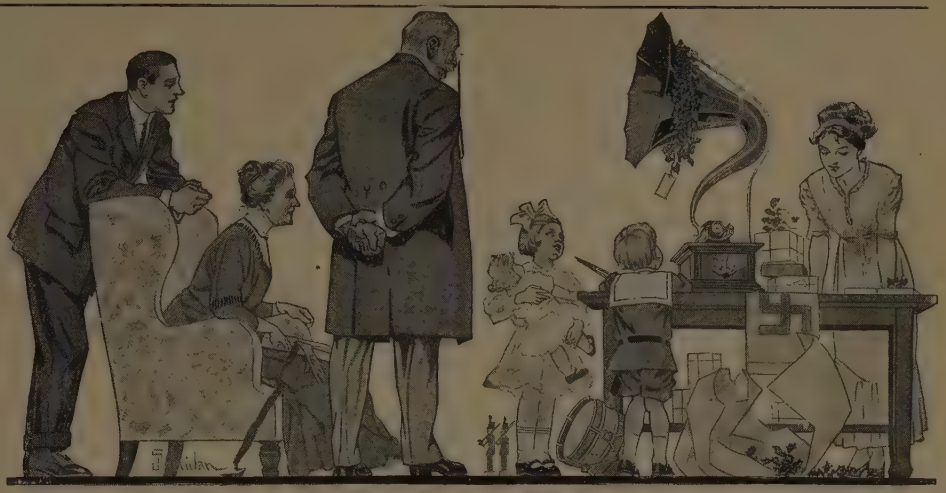

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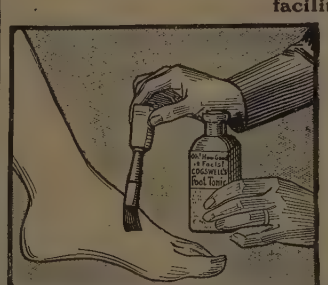

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Francisque Sarcey, in *Le Figaro,* said:

"Here is a book which is talked of a great deal. I think it is not talked of enough, for it is one of the prettiest dramas of real life ever related to the public. Must I say that well-informed people affirm the letters of the man, true or almost true, hardly arranged, were written by Guy de Maupassant?

"I do not think it is wrong to be so indiscreet. One must admire the feminine delicacy with which the letters were reinforced, if one may use this expression. I like the book, and it seems to me it will have a place in the collection, so voluminous already, of modern ways of love."

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Joys of the Box-Office Man

A woman walked up to the box-office of a New York theatre and addressed the treasurer:

"Is —— —— playing here?"

"She is," was the reply.

"Is she playing in '—— ——?'"

"She is."

"What are the prices of the seats?"

"Fifty cents, seventy-five cents, one dollar, one dollar and a half, and two dollars."

"Where are the fifty-cent seats?"

"Last six rows in the second balcony."

"Where are the dollar seats?"

"Last five rows in the first balcony."

"Are there any dollar seats on the lower floor?"

"No," answered the treasurer.

"Well, are there any dollar and a half seats on the lower floor?"

"No—the whole lower floor is two dollars."

"Don't you sell any seats on the lower floor for a dollar and a half?"

"No, the price is two dollars." Losing patience finally, for box-office men are, after all, only human, he said politely: "Won't you please step aside and let the people back of you buy tickets?"

"Well, I was here first," retorted the bargain hunter. "It seems funny to me there are other theatres in this town where you can get seats on the lower floor for a dollar and a half. I think you've got them, too, but you don't want to sell them. What time does the performance begin?"

"Eight twenty." The questioner stopped for a moment, possibly to get her second wind, and then she said:

"I'd buy those seats in the second balcony for fifty cents, but I don't want to climb the steps. What will you charge me to stand up on the lower floor?"

"The same price that we charge you for our very latest styles in upholstered orchestra seats—two dollars."

With a malignant look in her face and her eyes flashing fire, she bellowed at the ticket seller, "You think you're a smart Alec; I wouldn't buy a seat now from you for any price"—and with that she turned and walked out of the theatre.

Mme. Leblanc to Act Light

Mme. Georgette Leblanc, the actress wife of Maurice Maeterlinck, author of "The Blue Bird," will, according to letters received in New York recently, make her first professional appearance in her husband's plays at the Chatelet, Paris, next month. She will play the rôle of Light. Mme. Leblanc is a remarkable woman in many ways. Not only has she been a great aid to her husband, but as an actress she is considered one of the foremost on the continent. She is a mistress of stage technique, and is proficient in several of the arts. She has not appeared on the Paris stage for over two years, save once when she presented "Pélléas et Mélisande" for charity.

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A Stabat Mater air and a Kipling ballad by Witherspoon: *Rolling Down to Rio* (Kipling-German). A famous Kipling ballad, set to music by Edward German, which is highly popular on English and American concert stages just at present. Mr. Witherspoon sings it brilliantly, with just the touch of humor which it requires. *Stabat Mater* (Rossini). *Stabat Mater Doloroso* means "Stands the Sorrowing Mother," and refers to the lamentations of the Virgin Mary. It is a famous hymn upon the Crucifixion, written by Jacobus de Benedictus in the fourteenth century, and is frequently sung as part of the service of the Roman Catholic Church. It is one of the finest examples of medieval Latin in existence.

A New Powell record (Maud Powell, violinist): "Der Zephir"—*Blumenleben, Op. 30, No. 5* (Hubay). A new record by this sterling artist is always welcome, and doubly so when she gives us such a reproduction as this.

Leporello's famous *Catalogue Song,* by Journet: "Don Giovanni"—*Leporello Aria, Part 1* (Mozart).

Three Christmas numbers by Evan Williams: *The Star of Bethlehem* (Christmas Song); "Messiah"—*Ev'ry Valley Shall Be Exalted;* "Messiah"—*Comfort Ye My People.*

The New Plays

(Continued from page 166)

in machina to furnish opportunity to further complicate matters. Betty, who is engaged to marry a sleepy, young society man, craves for excitement. She has heard that the duke is very wicked, so when he, piqued at Roxana's treatment of him, suggests a little midnight supper, she eagerly accepts, but only on the condition that the duke "behaves himself." The duke, feeling that the eyes of the suspicious Roxana are upon him, and already sorry he has suggested the supper, is only too willing to leave the spinster alone, but under the pretence of mock modesty and the exhilarating influence of a glass of champagne, Betty so conducts herself that the duke, being a gentleman, is bound to kiss her. Of course, the two are discovered by the indignant Roxana and the fun begins all over again and waxes fast and furious until the end of the play, the interest being well sustained to the very end.

The piece is splendidly acted. Miss Blanche Bates assumes the difficult part of Roxana with the authority and skill only possible in an actress of her long training and experience. The varying moods of the "widow," her teasing humor, her bursts of anger and paroxysms of rage are delightfully portrayed. As the much perturbed duke, Bruce McRae has one of the best rôles of his career. The part exactly suits him, and he brings to it the subtle humor, the well-bred ease, and agreeable personality that have made him one of the most interesting young leading men on our boards. Adelaide Prince, an actress of much distinction, was charming and amusing as Betty.

KNICKERBOCKER. "The Scarlet Pimpernel." Comedy in four acts by Baroness Orczy and Montague Barstow. Produced Oct. 24. Cast:

Prince of Wales, Philip Merivale; Sir Percy Blakeney, Fred Terry; Sir Andrew Foulkes, Alfred Kendrick; Lord Anthony Dewhurst, Malcolm Cherry; Lord Grenville, J. L. Dale; Chauvelin, Horace Hodges; the Comte De Tournai, H. H. Wright; the Viscomte De Tournai, E. Eastern Pickering; Armand St. Just, Maurice Elvey; Hebert, Walter Edwin; Jellyband, Frederick Groves; Jimmy Pitkin, Norman Yates; Harry Waite, Guy Cunningham; Brogard, J. Carter-Edwards; Mr. Hempseed, George Dudley; Captain of the Guard, Hermann Griffiths; Servant, Goodwin Nock; Aristocrat, Knott Cumming; Chepy, Walter Armstrong; Citizen, Broughty Ferri; Messenger, F. H. Dane; the Comtesse De Tournai, Phyllis Manners; Susanne De Tournai, Eileen Beatrice; Sally Jellyband, Dora Jesslyn; Mere Brogard, Marion Sterling; Lady Portarles, A. Lloyd Desmond; Lady Blakeney, Julia Neilson.

Mr. Fred. Terry is not a superlatively talented actor, but in the romantic drama, which serves at present as his medium, he shows a sound knowledge of theatrical technic, an agreeable presence and a pleasant and cultivated diction. If Carlyle had not written his immortal work on the French Revolution; if Walter Phillips had never composed "The Dead Heart," and if Charles Dickens had never penned "The Tale of Two Cities," it is doubtful if the Baroness Orczy would have been inspired to turn out her novel, "The Scarlet Pimpernel," which she and Mr. Montague Barstow have made into a drama. This piece has had a long and prosperous run in London. Here it has been received with polite but reserved fervor; quite as much as perhaps its merits justify, for it is not a well constructed drama. There is a maximum of elaborate and confused movement which, if it supplies local color, does little else. The hero is a dashing Englishman whose mission in life is to aid fugitive French aristocrats. His wife, though French herself, is ignorant of what he is doing; result, she takes him for a spy against her friends; he believes her to be an agent for his enemies. This premise makes for an occasional clash until the truth is revealed and the strained relations are adjusted. The sketchiness of the whole scenario is as exasperating as it is futile in the direct advancement of the story proper. It is an example of the drama of more than yester year.

As the Englishman who poses more or less as a macaroni, Mr. Terry looks well and plays with a dashing insouciance very pleasant to watch; but the characterization is lacking in warmth or criticism which will also apply to Miss Julia Neilson's rendering of the wife. It is a wonderful picture she presents and the artificialities of the period are deftly pointed. There is a large supporting cast, most of whom do their work well, Horace Hodges in particular distinguishing himself for his vivid, dextrous and insinuating impersonation of the French envoy Chauvelin. The costumes and mounting of the piece are in admirable taste; rich and appropriate.

WALLACK'S. "Getting a Polish." Comedy in three acts by Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson. Produced Nov. 7 with this cast:

Mrs. Jim, May Irwin; John Blake, George Fawcett; Remington Blanchard, Frank Bixby; Georgiana, Rosa-

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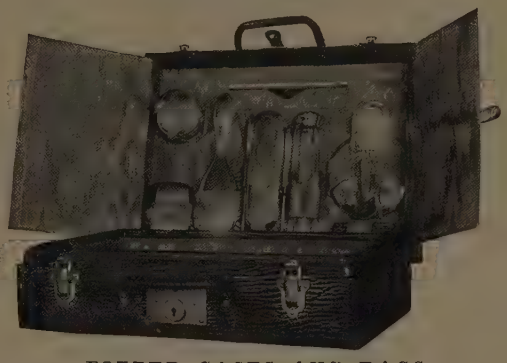

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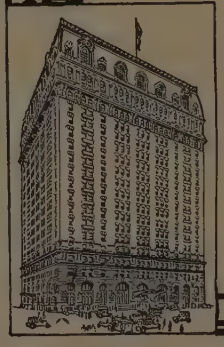

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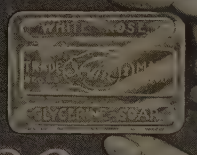

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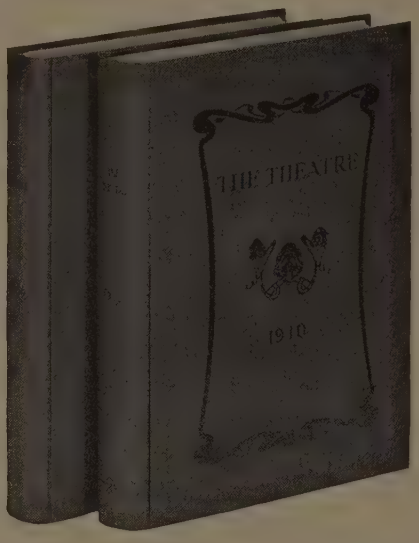

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lind Coghlan; Henry, John Daly Murphy; Tommy Kent, John Junior; Principe Di Campo-Basso, J. T. Chaillee; Clinton Van Stuyk, Charles A. Gay; Mrs. Croydon-Jones, Mary K. Taylor; Frisch, Albert Roccardi; Pauline, Mary V. Hall; Marie, Florence Glenn; Louis, Raymond Watson; Auguste, Edward Liebert.

"Getting a Polish" is the kind of play known as a "vehicle," something made of second-hand material and which remains a "vehicle," it matters not how many new touches of workmanship may be added to it. The best of dramatists are occasionally found at this kind of work. Sometimes a play originally intended for better purposes is converted into a "vehicle," as was the case with Tom Taylor's play "Our American Cousin," which was finally converted into something that in itself was nothing, but which carried the elder Sothern, as Lord Dundreary, to great prosperity. Here we have May Irwin, as a widow, running a boarding-house at Red Dog Gulch, becoming rich through a mine and going to Paris to "live her life" and get a polish. In doing this she sings some of her songs in her accustomed jolly way and keeps herself busy and her audience entertained with her droll performances. She is about to marry a title, and in her moment of regret, in her bridal robe, her tears and hysterics are droll comedy. The bridegroom does not appear. He has been bought off by her faithful old lover of the ranch, who has also suddenly struck ore. Miss Irwin is exceedingly amusing in the discomfort of her fashionable French shoes and changes them for an old pair that had been broken in long ago at Red Dog Gulch. Expecting her guests at any moment at an elaborate reception, and laced up to the point of suffocation, her humorous difficulties may be imagined. She makes a character out of this hardworking woman of the Gulch who fails to get a polish. She is so close to unaffected human nature all the time that the old story of the vanity of riches and the value of the simple life and loyal affections leaves a wholesome impression. May Irwin is inimitable; not so the play.

LYCEUM. "ELECTRICITY." Play in three acts by William Gillette. Produced October 31. Cast:

Samuel Twimbly, Edwin Nicander; James Hollenden, Shelley Hull; Emeline Twimbly, Marie Doro; Ruth Draycott, Ann Murdock; A. Boker, Harry Barfoot; Ninette, L. de Bellefraie; Thomas Brockway, Francis D. McGinn; Mary Brockway, Mrs. Thomas Whiffen; Bill Brockway, Henry Hall; Joe Mathison, Allan Fawcett; Jennie Parks, Myrtle Tannehill; Duncan Twimbley, Oliver D. Byron.

This innocuous little piece by the well-known author of "Secret Service" proved to be a rather tedious homily on socialism. Its trite plot is of the slenderest description, and most of the time the action drags in most exasperating fashion. Possibly the dramatic proposition involved was so unfruitful of inspiration that nothing better could be done with it; whatever the reason, the play was a disappointment.

A millionaire's daughter—a somewhat foolish, excitable young person—is an enthusiastic convert to socialism, and in a series of long speeches denounces the practices of the predatory rich. Her ideal man, she insists, must work for his living; she vows she will marry none other. A young chap, rich and idle, is enamored of her charms—perhaps of her dollars—and he determines to win her by a trick. Two workmen are repairing the electric wiring in the millionaire's residence, and he makes a bargain with the boss electrician to let him take his place. The scheme works like a charm. Within three minutes of making the acquaintance of the handsome young electrician, the girl falls desperately in love, and after a few misunderstandings easily cleared up, the piece ends in the conventional manner. Marie Doro, as the heroine, was pleasing in the lighter comedy scenes, but fell short in the more dramatic situations. Oliver D. Byron made a burlesque of the rôle of a blustering impossible millionaire. Francis D. McGinn was good as the engineer, but the honors of the performance went to Henry Hall, who acted the real workman to the very life.

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NAZIMOVA'S 39TH ST. "MR. PREEDY AND THE COUNTESS." A farce in three acts by R. C. Carton. Produced November 7 with this cast:

Joanna, Miss Granville; Earl of Rushmere, Walter Hewetson; Hon. Robt. Jennerway, Edward Bonfield; Lord Kinslow, W. L. Branscombe; John Bounsall, John Clulow; Hamilton Preedy, Weedon Grossmith; Mr. Sidgrave, Herbert Maule; Reginald Saunders, Cyril Ashford; Bilson, Arthur B. Murray; Chauffeur, J. Hallett; Assistant, Constance Kirkham; Mrs. Sidgrave, Lydia Rachel; Emma Sidgrave, Sheila Hesseltine; Harriet Budgeon, Lynn Fontanne.

R. C. Carton has written several notable comedies. He is likewise the author of an equal number of successful farces. The latest of these, which enjoyed a long London run, is "Mr. Preedy and the Countess," which presents Weedon Grossmith in a stellar light at the Nazimova Theatre. The farce is distinctly British. It is, as it were, a transcript from the pages of *Punch*, but it is none the less amusing and can be understood and appreciated even by those who do not dwell within

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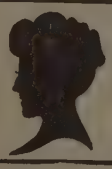
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the insular limitations. Obvious as many of its scenes are, and the premises outline a distinct series of complications, the farce is more than neatly written, as it has coherence, form and nicety of literary expression. It is a deft and capable bit of workmanship.

The Countess, Joanna of Rushmere, has decided to bolt with Mr. Preedy's partner, John Bounsall. Interrupted, Bounsall brings her to Preedy's flat and leaves her there for the night. Mr. Preedy's predicament, therefrom resulting, is acute, his attitude is misunderstood, and he is apparently about to lose his fiancée, but the big, warm-hearted Countess makes up with her worthless husband and straightens everything out to the satisfaction of all concerned. It is a capital presentation which the farce gets at the hands of Mr. Grossmith and his associates. When it comes to portraying a certain line of work much credit is due to these English players for their capacity and the manner in which they realize authors' types. Mr. Grossmith is delightfully droll as the much perturbed Preedy, while the dashing, sporty Countess is acted with capital finish and good nature by Miss Charlotte Granville. W. L. Branscombe as Lord Kinslow and Walter Hewetson as the Countess' nephew give representations of the aristocracy that suggest the real thing.

COMEDY. "THE CUB." Play in four acts by Thompson Buchanan. Produced November 1 with this cast:

Steve Oldham, Douglas Fairbanks; Judge White, Charles Stanley; Zeke King, James A. Marcus; Hop Gibbs, Robert Wessels; Johnny Adams, Olaf Skavlan; Charley Hall, Elmer Booth; Richard Blake, John Henderson; Pete Errol, Harry Latimer; Jack Bentley, Ernest Baxter; Noah Renlow, Charles MacDonald; Tilden McFields, Joseph Greene; Blaine Cole, George Bates; Alice Bentley, Millicent Evans; Beckie King, Blanche Latell; Mrs. Minerva Renlow, Louise Rial; Nettie Renlow, Blanche Aimee; Polly Cross, Lillian Hathaway; Nancy Hall, Esther Friese.

The young American dramatist season is certainly coming with his own and coming very rapidly, too. Thompson Buchanan is one of these who has followed up a previous success "A Woman's Reason," with "The Cub," which has hit the bull's eye fair and square. In for a limited engagement at the Comedy, on account of previous bookings, a new home had to be found for it and at the Hackett it may now be seen and where, if signs do not fail, it is likely to run for many a night to come. Mr. Buchanan was originally a newspaper man from Kentucky. When he therefore laid the scene of his new farcical satire in the Blue Grass State and made its hero a cub reporter from "Marse Henry's" newspaper, detailed to report a Latcher County feud, he knew whereof he wrote. It is broad satire indeed which he has penned, but it is nevertheless admirably true to nature and for a good theatrical fable, adroitly told and enacted with faithful verisimilitude "The Cub" will satisfy the most captious. The young reporter's adventures among the moonshiners—forced to take a side in the feud—and precipitated into all sorts of comical escapades are presented with a breezy vitality and wholesome good humor which stamps Mr. Douglas Fairbanks as one of the best of our native light comedians. The cast is a long one and the varying characters, young and old, are depicted with fidelity and skill.

GARRICK. "THE SCANDAL." Drama in four acts by Henry Bataille. Produced October 17 with this cast:

Maurice Ferioul, Kyrle Bellew; Artanezzo, Vincent Serrano; Jeannetier, Frank Connor; Parizot, Ernest Stallard; The Prefect, Frank Westerton; Admiral Graviere, G. Harrison Carter; Gaston De Berieux, Stapleton Kent; Radvel, Edgar Franklin; Gruz, Bernard Fairfax; Chauffeur, W. Logan; Charlotte Ferioul, Gladys Hanson; Madame Ferioul, Ffolliott Paget; Marthon Ferioul, Viola Dale; Riquet Ferioul, Trixie Allen; Margaridou Virginia Chauvenot; Mlle. Blanquette, Carlotta Doty; The Girl with the Blue Hat, Charlotte Lillard; The Girl with the Red Hat, Claire Cassel; Miss Roberts, Grace Crowley.

America has never taken very kindly to the French literary drama. It will not tolerate its long psychological dissertations. Bataille is more like Bernstein in dramatic quality, but like Hervieu, Capus and Donnay, he does like to preach. There was a lot of talk in "The Scandal," recently on view for a brief time at the Garrick, but its principal fault was the absence of a logical theme. It was impossible to elicit the least interest in a happy wife, who, on the impulse of a moment, forgot her marital obligations. The suffering which her indefensible lapse entailed upon her generous husband was neither dramatic nor convincing. There could be no sympathy for her, as there was no shadow of excuse for her conduct, and so one could hardly feel for the husband. Kyrle Bellew, as her magnanimous life partner, played with the authority, feeling and repressed skill so associated with his art, but there was nothing to really do, and no interest to excite. The wife was acted with more energy than taste by Miss Gladys Hanson; but the rôle was so utterly unreal that a genius could not have made it convincing. As the insinuating

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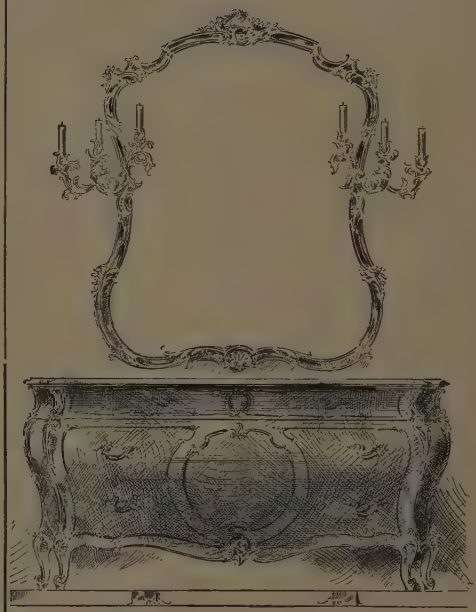
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lover, Vincent Serrano showed a nice spirit of artistic restraint and elicited a sympathetic note that perhaps was not originally in the play.

GLOBE. "The Bachelor Belles." Musical comedy in two acts. Words by Harry B. Smith. Music by Raymond Hubbell. Produced November 7 with this cast:

Laura Lee, Ruth Peebles; Tiny Schimmel, Josie Sadler; Daphne Brooks, Eva Fallon; Gwendolen, Blanche West; Susan Jane, Mae Murray; Eleanor, Eleanor Pendleton; Tim Jones, Frank Lalor; Tom Van Cortlandt, Sr., Jack Raffael; Tom Van Cortlandt, Jr., Lawrence Wheat; Charley Van Renessalaer, John Park; Maginnis, F. Stanton Heck; The Victim, Story Chipman; Mae, a dentist, Mae Murray; Florence, Florence Walton; Grace, Grace Kimball; Eunice, Eunice Mackay, Olive, Olive Depp; Gertrude, Gertrude Grant; Sergeant-at-Arms, Grace Wendell; Directoire Model, Eleanor Pendleton; Crinoline Model, Hazel Lewis; Grecian Bend Model, Olive Depp; Hobble Skirt Model, Ida Gabrielle; Opera Model, Eunice Mackay; and, Adeline Genée.

To speak of a musical comedy or entertainment as trivial is to praise it in its kind. "The Bachelor Belles" is trivial, complimentary as this may be; its paucity of original ideas and novelty brings it close to the forbidden line of stupidity. It is animated enough. It is tolerable. If the transformation of a dressmaker's shop into a lawyer's office, with its shelves of books, by means of turning the scenery on pivots is a device of many years' standing, there is something rather new in the dance of two delicately shaped legs under an immense bonnet concealing the upper part of the body. If Mr. Frank Lalor's encounter with a fierce dog that had been left behind a screen smacks of old farce, it must be admitted that this comedian's comicalities are fresh every minute. "The Song of the Fashions" had some old wine in new bottles; no doubt a dance in revelatory hoopskirts has not escaped the inventors, but this one was daring without being altogether indelicate, while the hobble-skirt and the Chantecler pirouettings were not without comicality and spirit. The real feature of the entertainment is the dancing of Mlle. Genée. Her appearance has nothing to do with the opera itself, but that is of no concern in a modern musical piece. Between the two there is a full measure of entertainment. Mlle. Genée's dancing is indeed a delight.

BIJOU. "The Other Fellow." Farce in three acts by George Totten Smith. Produced October 31 with this cast:

Wilton Swift, Thomas Jefferson; Theodore Button, M. D., Gerald Harcourt; Mr. Sanderson, Russell Bassett; Mr. Wall, Samuel Klawans; Thomas, Walter S. Howard; Chud Suddah, Fred W. Peters; Mrs. Swift, Josephine Victor; Mrs. Chatterton, Jeannette Ferrell; Daisy Sanderson, Marguerite Snow; Grace Tanner, Eva Condon.

Mr. Thomas Jefferson's close resemblance to his father, the inimitable Joseph Jefferson, in personal appearance and manner is a disadvantage to him, but he has an individuality, temperament and art of his own, and in good time he will get a recognition of his own, and then to that will be added, among the older theatregoers, the affectionate remembrance of the elder Jefferson. Of course, he needs new plays to this end. "The Other Fellow" will not serve the purpose. All effort, managerial, artistic, personal, or through friendly words in the press will be absolutely thrown away on it. A young man who is secretly married agrees with a friend of his, a young doctor, to permit a Hindoo, a Brahmin, to prove that he has the power to release their souls from their bodies, send them on a voyage and have them return to them. With a few passes of his hands it is done. He is interrupted by a knock on the door, and in his confusion he is unable to summon back but one of the souls, and it enters the wrong body. The young man has the doctor's soul and the doctor has none. It becomes necessary to convey the inanimate body to a bedroom in the house and keep it concealed there until its tenant can be restored to it. Complications swiftly follow this situation of affairs. The young man, Mr. Thomas Jefferson, we are asked to think, believes that he is the other fellow, but we no sooner accept this postulate than we see him expressing solicitude about the other fellow in the inanimate body. For a moment or two the body has to be covered up on the sofa, and when some one sits on the other fellow the other fellow feels the imagined pain of the other fellow. There is no definite, fixed state of mind. If one exchanges souls with another he is, by no stretch of the imagination, capable of the sensations of both identities. The very first scene of the changed souls makes the play impossible.

ASTOR. "The Girl in the Taxi." Musical play in three acts by Anthony Mars. Adapted by Stanislaus Strange. Produced October 24. Cast:

Mariette, Jeanette Eageard; Clara Stewart, Jessie Milward; Walter Watson, Frank Farrington; John Stewart, Fred Bond; Bertie Stewart, Carter DeHaven; Mary Peters, Fremont Benton; Percy Peters, Morgan Coman; Frederick Smith, John Glendinning; Mignon, Laura Guerite; Mademoiselle Irma, Katharine Smythe; Rosie,

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Continental farce of the usual suggestive variety, served up with Broadway spice to suit the taste of the average bounder—this usually describes pieces of the class to which "The Girl in the Taxi" belongs. An exception must be made in the present case. Prior to its advent at the Astor, rumors had gone forth that the piece was very naughty, but this charge is not supported by the evidence. It is not vulgar nor can it indeed be said to be in any way objectionable. Acted by a competent cast in true farcical spirit, in a fast and furious tempo, its chief aim is to amuse, and in this it fairly succeeds. The situations are amusing, and Carter DeHaven and his associates work hard to keep the audience in good humor.

COMEDY. "KEEPING UP APPEARANCES." Comedy in four acts by Butler Davenport. Produced October 19 with this cast:

Frederick Lowell, J. Harry Benrimo; Louise Lowell, Amelia Gardner; Alice Lowell, Mabel Moore; Evelyn Lowell, Pamela Graythorne; Paul Lowell, A. Hylton Allen; Mrs. Edith Dalton, Gertrude Dallas; Miss Donovan, Zelda Sears.

If the popular demand for "Keeping Up Appearances" quickly subsided, there still remains to be recorded the fact that Mr. Butler Davenport in the writing of his first comedy showed a technical capacity of no mean order. From every point of view it deserved a more enduring fate. In the delineation of character the author showed a shrewd and analytical mind; the story was one of vital and universal interest; the treatment was direct and vivid. Nor was the interpretation lacking in sympathetic or effective force. And yet the public would not respond.

BIJOU. "NEW YORK." Drama in three acts by Wm. J. Hurlbut. Produced October 17. Cast:

Nora Nelson, Laura Nelson Hall; Edna Macey, Mary Shaw; Gertrude Hayes, Francis Whitehouse; Katie, Florence Burdett; Oliver King, Orrin Johnson; Wendell Randolf, Mortimer Welden; Chris McKnight, Frank Craven; John, Vaughan Trevor.

A prosperous New York lawyer, of middle age, has a past which is represented in the present by a boy, ignorant of his parentage, his illegitimate son, an irreclaimable rounder about town, who has the run of his rooms, where he finds it convenient to get drunk as an incident of his daily life. In order to give good counsel to the boy, and, in particular, to prevent him from going to a dance hall where he would meet his mother, a reprobate who has turned up from the Far West, the young woman who is to marry his father makes an appointment at his rooms at half-past ten at night, where she is forced to kill him with a paper knife in order to "preserve her honor," with the result that when a lawyer, the boy's companion, denies that it was a case of suicide and charges her with murder, she confesses to the father, who, the danger of a trial being averted, folds her in his arms with the casual remark (in effect) that she had done her work properly in ridding him of the boy.

Public opinion disposed of the play promptly. We need not give any detailed consideration. Its scenes were well enough written and the acting in it was excellent, but to no avail. The agony of Mr. Orrin Johnson, with real tears, was more amusing than touching, and not by any fault of his. The less one weeps in public for the loss of an illegitimate degenerate son the better. Miss Laura Nelson Hall, up to the time she put the paper knife to its unwonted use, was necessarily exhilarating and attractive; after that she is an impossible person. Miss Mary Shaw gave a graphic study of a woman of the Tenderloin, but the mere sketch amounted to little more than a vaudeville turn. It was likewise a vivid bit of acting that Mr. Mortimer Welden gave as the degenerate son, appearing in the first act only. The failure of this play is to be referred back to a certain artistic anarchy prevailing in dramatic writing, and to commercial greed and blindness.

GARDEN. "THE ROSARY." Play in four acts by Edward E. Rose. Produced October 24. Cast:

Rev. Brian Kelly, Harrington Reynolds; Bruce Wilton, Ramsey Wallace; Kenward Wright, Walter S. Fenner; Charley Harrow, Edgar Murray, Jr.; Lee Martin, Billy Champ; Vera Wilton, Alice Marsh, Jessie Arnold; Kathleen O'Connor, Grace E. Redding; Lesura Watkins, Eleanora Rella; Lottie Vermont, soloist.

In this drama of tears and bathos the sentiment is artificial and always mawkish, yet crude as it is the play is not without merit, and inculcates a wholesome lesson. It is a lurid story of a girl's betrayal and financial ruin, brought about by the machinations of a revengeful suitor, and of a miracle wrought by a venerable priest, Father Kelly, who reconciles a husband with his wife and converts him to the Church. Harrington Reynolds was excellent as the Irish priest and Jessie Arnold was pleasing and forceful as the wife and sister.

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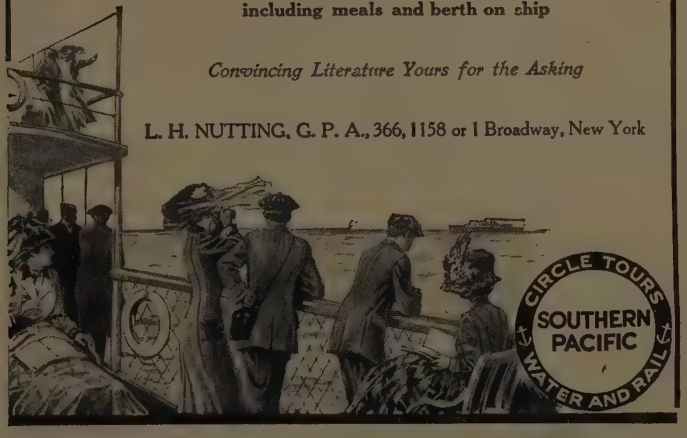

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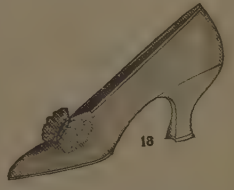

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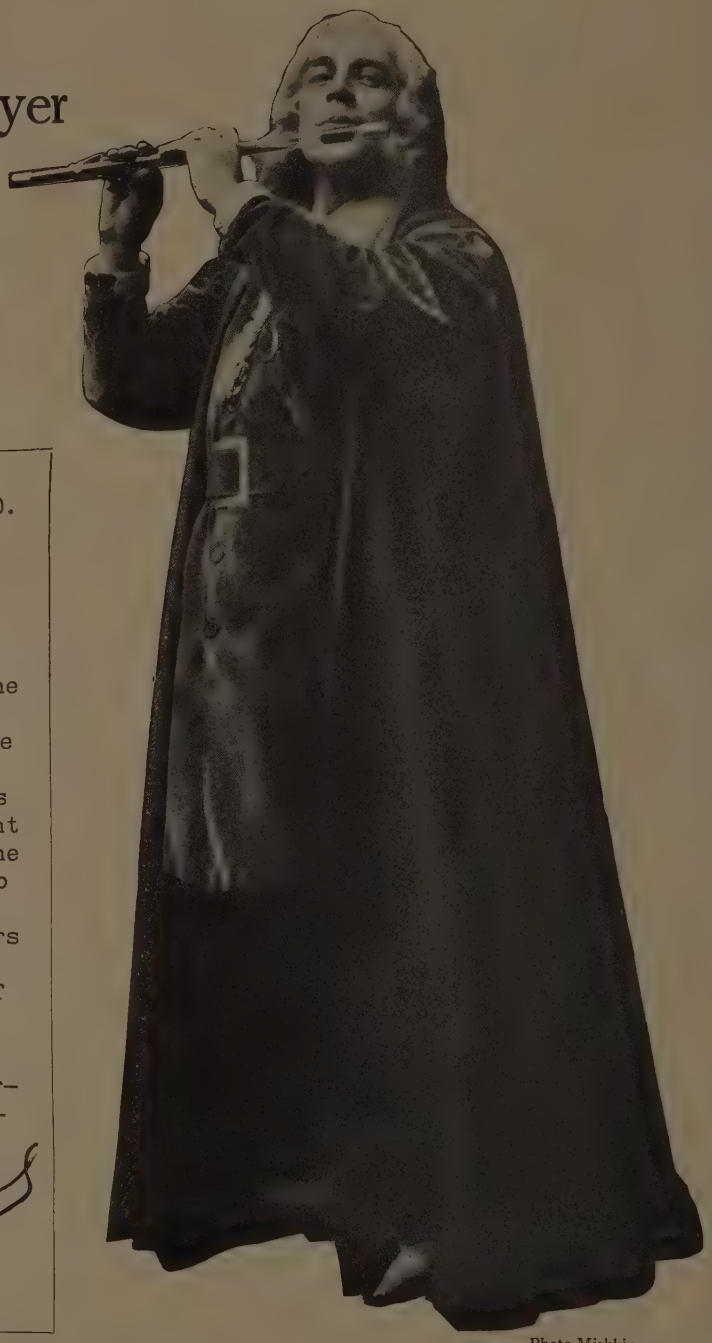

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Photo Gerlach, Berlin

MISS GERALDINE FARRAR IN A WONDERFUL CHINCHILLA AND SABLE CREATION BY PAQUIN

Fur and Fashion Notes

COLOR is truly the most admirable feature of the winter season. The manner in which the French dressmakers get their wonderful color effects is simple in the extreme, and yet so gratifying are the results that they must appeal to all those endowed with the artistic sense.

One of these color combinations that has caused talk even in Paris is shown in an evening gown of pale pink satin over which is draped purple chiffon. This in turn is covered with a tunic of gold net bordered with gold lace, and the whole softened by the outer veiling of black chiffon.

The vogue of veiling reigns supreme in evening costumes, for in these rein can freely be given to luxuriant, not to say tropical, fancy in coloring. For the foundation dress satin continues to be the greatest favorite, and this is always made without lining or a drop-skirt. The trains are short and the skirts narrow, but not of the extreme narrowness that they have been, nevertheless they are by no means wide.

Where satin is not used then the exquisite broché silks are employed for the foundation dress. The less expensive of these soft broché silks come in a solid color with the design woven in more lustrous effect than the ground. A lovely gown of Empire green broché crêpe has the short trained skirt edge with narrow band of skunk. The tunic falls below the knees, but is sufficiently short to show several inches of the Empire green crêpe. This tunic is of black mousseline de soie hanging straight all around, and of the same length. It is bordered with a twelve-inch band of gold lace set underneath the mousseline de soie. This gown has the Empire waist-line in the back, sloping down to the normal line in front, and is outlined with a black satin girdle that ends in two long and narrow sash-ends tied at the left side of the front, the ends being finished with long gold tassels.

Latest creation by Gunther

The bodice is of the black mousseline draped over gold lace that in turn veils the Empire green crêpe. The kimono sleeves reach barely to the elbow, and of course are cut in one with the bodice, as are the sleeves of all handsome gowns and waists, and in many instances the sleeves of handsome carriage wraps. The shoulder seam and the seam joining the sleeve with the bodice are quite out of fashion. They may be used for the foundation, the lining, but the outer material must not show the least suspicion of a seam at these points.

This model is beautifully carried out in black crêpe broché or even black satin with the tunic of green chiffon cloth, or it may be made even more useful by being made in all black materials with the only relief to the sombreness consisting of the gold lace.

The distinguishing feature of the new evening costumes is the use of fur as trimming. It is used on skirt or bodice alike, or it may only be used on the skirt. Narrow bands border the tunics of transparent fabrics, or the band of fur is set directly on the edge of the skirt. This is particularly desirable for the white costume, as it serves to keep the skirt fresher than it otherwise would be.

Photo Felix
Mlle. Lavergne in a handsome coat of astrakhan with skunk trimmings. Made by Green, Paris

Another dainty French idea, while carried out in teagowns, might well be adapted to other garments. This is the use of cotton crêpe of two colors, one for the lining, one for the outer material. It is excellently illustrated in a negligée of white silk and cotton crêpe lined with pink crêpe, and as the material used is the imported Courtauld crêpe it is sufficiently transparent for the pink to glimmer through the white, to which it gives a delicate bluish tint that is most lovely and ought to be most becoming.

Copied in changeable silk and cotton Courtauld crêpe this would

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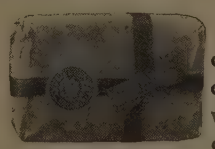

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make a most effective and handsome house gown. Or if plain colors are preferred a totally different effect could be obtained by wearing the gown turned inside out, for the effect of a pink lining seen through green crêpe is quite different from that of a green lining seen through pink crêpe.

The fashionable petticoat is the mere shadow, the wraith, the ghost of its former self. They are indescribably lovely. One could, indeed, become quite poetic about them, likening them to summer clouds, sunsets, or snow storms.

Many women with the vogue of the narrow dress skirt took it for granted that petticoats were superfluous, but not so the woman who admires dainty underwear, and above all realizes that fluffy ruffles about the ankles make the feet appear smaller. For her have been created the new chiffon and Brussels net petticoats. They are made to clear the ground by some three inches, which is the length so generally worn by French women, though for some reason best known to themselves not favored by the majority of American women. Yet it is the length that frames the foot and ankle to the greatest advantage. These airy new petticoats bear a further likeness to the French skirts in the knee-deep flounces with which they are embellished. The upper part consists of a single thickness of chiffon or net to which is attached the double or triple flounce. Imagine one of black net with a plaited flounce of white net, over which hangs one of tucked black net. Or one of black chiffon with the under flounce of pink chiffon. Or again one of white net with the outer flounce of white Valenciennes lace. The more practical ones have the upper portion of messaline satin in a solid color with the under flounce of Persian printed chiffon veiled with net to match the satin.

But one of the daintiest as well as the most practical is the one which first finds most favor in the sight of the French women. This is made all in white with the short satin messaline portion ending some six inches above the knees, and to which the white net flounces are attached, but the joining concealed by overhanging lace or embroidered beading. The under one has a simple two-inch hem, and is only slightly fulled to the satin yoke. The outer one is embellished with two clusters of five tucks each, as well as a hem, and is side-plaited in half-inch plaits for its full width. As the material is so airy, it does not spoil the contour of the costume worn over it, and yet it has sufficient body not to wrap about the ankles when walking, as is so apt to be the case with chiffon.

The French women like these white Brussels net petticoats be-

Photo Felix

Charming afternoon gown of fine blue and red-striped silk tissue. Made by Zimmermann, Paris

Photo Felix

Handsome calling costume of Priestley's blue silk warp henrietta, blue and gold embroidery. Model Zimmermann

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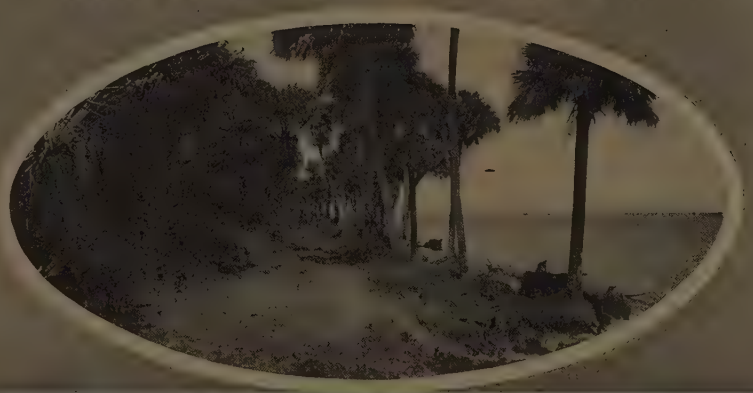

SOME OF THE LATEST PARIS CREATIONS SEEN AT THE RACES

cause the flounces can be removed so easily for washing, and a nice quality of Brussels net washes as well as muslin, and wears equally as long. For afternoon and evening costumes the Brussels net petticoat should harmonize with the costume it accompanies, and above all, the shoes and stockings should be of the same color as the petticoat else when the costume skirt is raised there may come something of a shock to the spectator of a puritanical turn of mind.

The over-blouse or waist of voile or marquisette is an actual necessity and an economical addition to every wardrobe. to-day. It is worn over the plain or fancy silk, lace and net waist, and the latter generally has its decorations confined to the transparent yoke and lower part of the sleeves, which are mostly of the three-quarters length. The over-blouse, so often called by the ugly name of jumper in this country, should in most cases match the color of the skirt with which it is worn, though there are exceptions to this rule. For if it be worn over a colored silk or satin waist of a trifle lighter shade than the skirt, then black voile or marquisette may be used for the blouse.

The kimono sleeve rules in the over-blouse. Accompanied by the tunic of the same material it is used indiscriminately on the simplest afternoon and the most elaborate evening costumes.

Photo Gerlach, Berlin MISS GERALDINE FARRAR
In one of the picturesque concert frocks created for her by Paquin

Furs are more costly and elegant than ever. Long coats of ermine, chinchilla, mink, white coney, seal and caracul figure prominently in the beautiful collection of Gunther models. Skins are nowadays so much improved in the dressing that a long garment is no longer the weighty, bulky garment it was ten years ago. Designers pay great attention to line and to the fashionable silhouette, so that the effects in fur garments are much more satisfying than of yore.

The new long coats, whether intended for carriage or street wear, just nicely escape the ground. There are some short jackets shown, but they do not look nearly so smart as the admirable long coats, and I doubt if they will find favor with the best-dressed women. There is a grace and elegance to the sweep of the circular lines at the front of the long coats that is very fetching. They have huge shawl and sailor collars, generally made of a different fur, so that only one or two big buttons in the vicinity of the waist-line are necessary to fasten them, which makes them very easy to slip on and off.

There is really nothing more beautiful than a handsome fur. It holds a sheen and lustre that is vastly becoming, whether it be made into a luxurious coat, or used in the big soft muffs and scarfs. The general idea of the new scarfs is to cover

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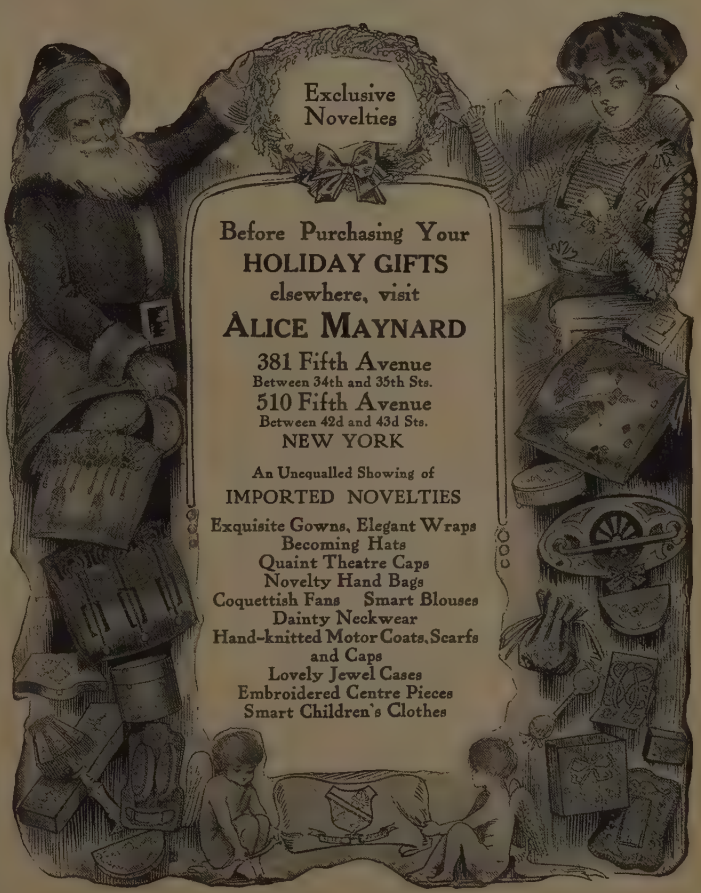

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well the back between the shoulders, and to extend as far down the front of the skirt as the purse of the buyer permits. There are many odd furs being used for the collar and cuffs of long coats, and for the scarf and muff sets. Prominent among these are Australian and American opossum, the latter generally dyed, raccoon and fitch. The latter is light orange in color, softened by black points, and is of the same family as the more costly sable.

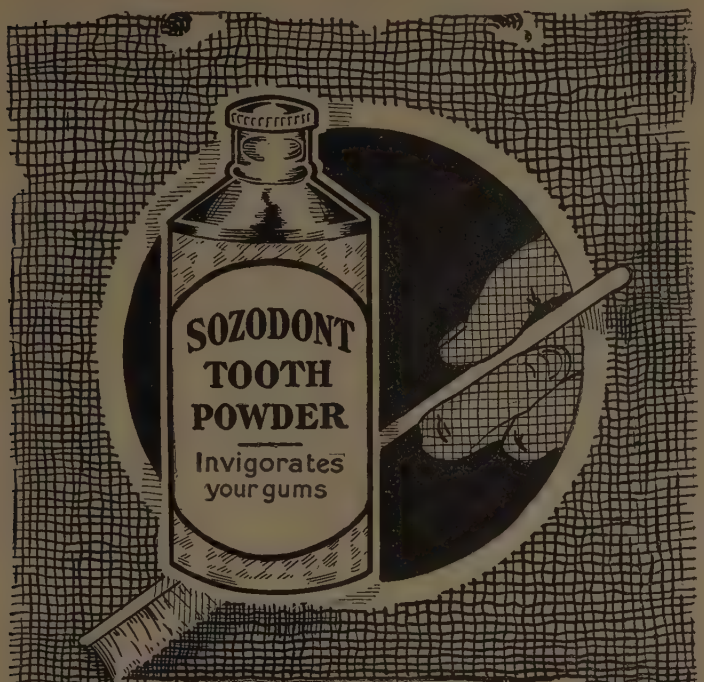
The Australian opossum is being much used by the French dressmakers for the ornamentation of velvet and cloth tailored suits. It is a soft brownish gray fur which bears a slight resemblance to chinchilla. It combines well with many colors, which is an added advantage. Skunk is another great favorite for trimming, as well as for muffs and scarfs, and it is used to trim evening gowns even more than for street suits. Ermine is coming more and more into favor. So, too, is white coney, which looks very much like ermine, and is decidedly less costly. One of the most stunning evening coats is a long plain affair of white coney with an immense shawl collar and deep cuffs of white fox.

Speaking of ermine, Marie Cahill is wearing in "Judy Forgot" a wonderful scarf or mantle, I really do not know which name will give best the idea. The long wrap is a mere cloud of white chiffon cloth. This is longer in the back than in the front, and is bordered by a band of ermine full twenty-five inches wide. This band crosses the front in such a manner that it can be thrown over the shoulder or not, as desired. With this she carries one of the novel new muff bags that are the latest thing from Paris.

Miss Cahill's hats are lovely creations, made by Lord & Taylor. The smart close-fitting shapes are well illustrated in Miss Cahill's small hats, in some of which fur plays a prominent part. With her white gown and ermine wrap she wears a stunning big black hat with a glorious white aigrette, through which one catches the glitter of diamonds applied in such an artistic way that they look like glistening dewdrops.

Every woman who is not endowed by nature with the fashionable lead-pencil figure will do well to study the stage costumes worn by Miss Cahill, for these are of the latest mode, and vastly becoming, too. The long pink coat worn in the first act is typical of the newest shapes in fur coats, and indeed is a shape well suited to velvet, cloth and silk.

A friend just returned from Paris tells me that over there hats and heads are both smaller. The hair is worn soft about the face, and entirely without anything beneath. The new puffs are soft also. They are so rolled as to resemble curls more than puffs, and they are now attached to one long string. This is a great advantage, as the puffs can be arranged more easily to suit the individual head.



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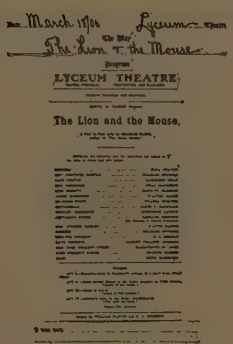

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"The House Beautiful" 42d St., West of Broadway
WOODS, LEDERER & FRAZEE Present
LINA ABARBANELL with RALPH C. HERZ
in MADAME SHERRY
A French Vaudeville in Three Acts

New York Eves. 8:15 Wed. & Sat. Mats. 2:15
Broadway, 44th and 45th Sts.
OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN Presents
NAUGHTY MARIETTA
with Mlle. Emma Trentini and Orville Harrold
Book by Rida Johnson Young. Music by Victor Herbert

Liberty Eves. 8:15 Wed. & Sat. Mats. 2:15
42d St., West of Broadway
HENRY B. HARRIS Presents
THE COUNTRY BOY
A New Play by Edgar Selwyn

Republic Eves. 8:15 Sat. Mats. 2:15
42d St. and Broadway
KLAW & ERLANGER Present
under the Direction of JOSEPH BROOKS
REBECCA OF SUNNYBROOK FARM
By KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN and CHARLOTTE THOMPSON

Gaiety Broadway and 46th St. Eves. 8:15 Wed. & Sat. Mats. 2:15
(In Conjunction with Cohan & Harris)
COHAN & HARRIS Present
GET RICH QUICK WALLINGFORD
A comedy made into play form by Geo. M. Cohan, from George Chester Randolph's novel of the same name

Knickerbocker Theatre
KLAW & ERLANGER Present
FRED TERRY and JULIA NEILSON in
THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL
A Romantic Play by Baroness Orczy and Montague Barstow

Charles Dillingham's Globe Theatre Eves. 8:15 Sat. Mat. 2:15
Broadway and 46th Street
FAREWELL VISIT TO AMERICA KLAW & ERLANGER Present
MLLE. ADELINE GENEE in
THE BACHELOR BELLES
Words by Harry B. Smith. Music by Raymond Hubbell. Staged by Julian Mitchell

Klaw & Erlanger's Plays

FRED TERRY and JULIA NEILSON in "THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL" and "HENRY OF NAVARRE."

"MISS DUDELSACK," by Graunbaum & Reicher, and music by Rudolph Nelson.

"THE SATYR," a musical comedy version of a French farce by George Barr, book and lyrics by C. M. S. McLellan and music by Ivan Caryll.

HENRY MILLER in "HER HUSBAND'S WIFE," by A. E. Thomas.

N. C. GOODWIN in "THE CAPTAIN," a new comedy by Geo. Broadhurst and C. T. Dazey.

ADELINE GENEE in "THE BACHELOR BELLES," by Harry B. Smith, music by Raymond Hubbell, with dances by Genee.

"THE COUNT OF LUXEMBOURG," by Francis Lehar, author of "The Merry Widow."

"SWEET PANSY," by Meilhac & Halevey. Music by Ivan Caryll.

In Association with Joseph Brooks

"REBECCA OF SUNNYBROOK FARM," founded on Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin's "Rebecca" stories, by the author and Charlotte Thompson.

LILLIAN RUSSELL in "IN SEARCH OF A SINNER," by Charlotte Thompson.

"BEN-HUR." Twelfth season. The famous Biblical play, founded on Gen. Lew Wallace's classic tale.

"THE ROUND UP." The great drama of the Arizona desert by Edmund Day.

In Association with Ben Stevens

"THE MERRY WIDOW REMARRIED." Book by Max Hanisch; music, Carl Von Wegen.

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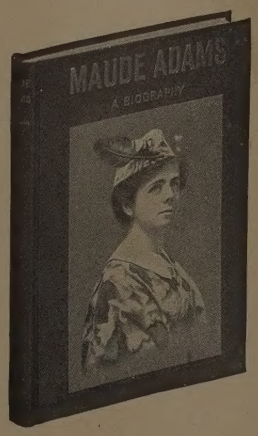

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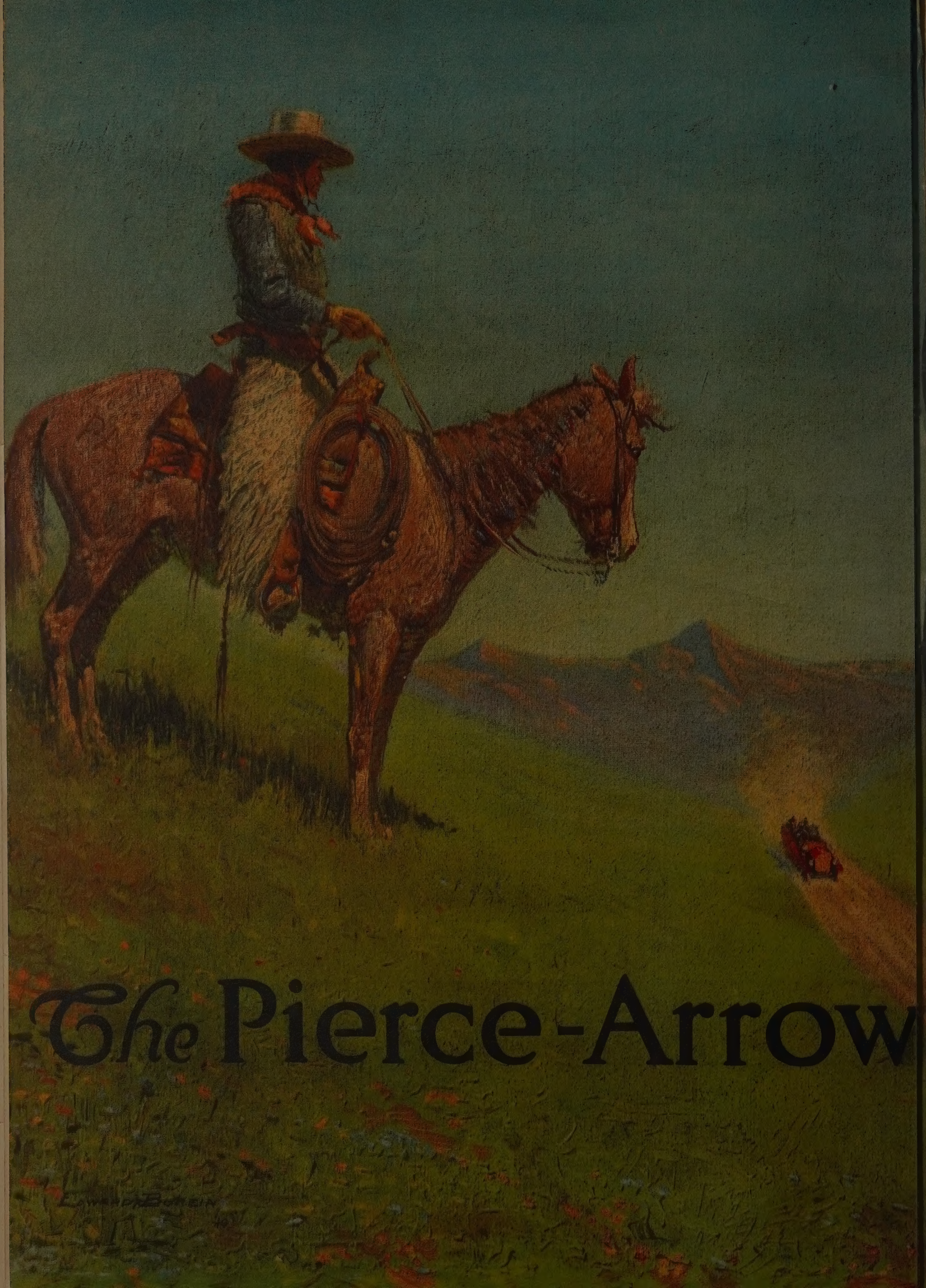

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